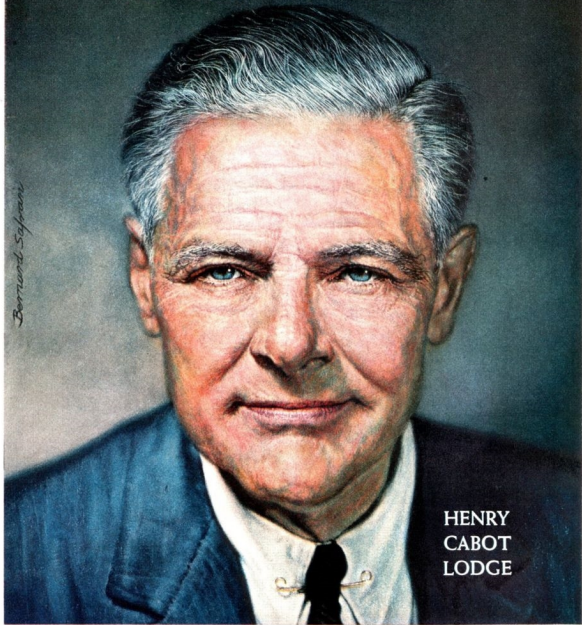


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 26, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

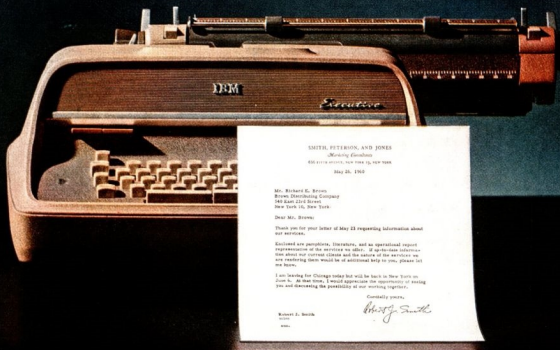


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VOL. LXXVI NO. 13



Creating impressions beyond words

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IBM

If you
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wonder
how you'll meet
tuition costs,

this may suggest an answer



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dividends might increase. Second, the value of your stock can go up. This means that your income has a chance of keeping pace with any further rising costs. Tuition, for example.

You don't have to be an expert to invest successfully. Almost no one is. But be sure to follow these simple rules:

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- 3 Faster heater-defroster action—speeds winter warm-up to give you faster heat and comfort.
- 4 Keeps cooling system clean—better circulation; DOWGARD flows at full capacity through cooling system and heater.
- 5 No evaporation problem—when the special blue cap goes on a properly serviced cooling system.

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- 3 Improves gas economy in many cases—DOWGARD maintains a better operating temperature for increased engine efficiency.
- 4 Protects air-conditioned cars—protects against heater freezing as well as engine overheating.
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Giant Bostitch-stapled carton slashes packing costs 50%

Texsteam Corporation, Houston, Texas, used to ship 3000-pound oil heaters in wood crates. Each crate was built around a heater and was the size of a small room... seven feet long, seven feet high and three feet wide. Crates were costly to make and to ship. They were heavy, time-consuming to build and hard to handle. Here's how Bostitch helped.

An unusual—and unusually large—

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Texsteam reports savings of 50% for the new container over the old. The new carton weighs less and has cut freight costs substantially. Shipments

have been completely damage-free.

Texsteam gained many advantages and worthwhile savings in the change to Bostitch-stapled containers. Many companies do. If you would like to know how a change might benefit you, talk to a Bostitch Economy man. To call him, look under "Bostitch" in your phone book. Or write us direct. See how much you can save when you use Bostitch in your shipping room.

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 * and over 200 staples... nation-wide parts, service and *
 * technical aid backed by the industry's most modern factory... *
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what do they say about you?

1st BOSS: ... Well, I have in mind a man who knows our business—has good experience. He could handle the new job, but not the people.

2nd BOSS: *Doesn't he get along with them?*

1st BOSS: Not as well as he should—or *could*, with some training like the Dale Carnegie Course. It would build up his confidence and speaking ability, too.

2nd BOSS: *Why not suggest it? Might wake him up to his opportunity.*

1st BOSS: If he'd show some interest in the idea I'd back him all the way. Then I'd know he has some insight, some initiative.

2nd BOSS: *I always look for it, too. Good personal qualities count a lot in putting a man in line for a better job.*

1st BOSS: Wish more men realized it. I'm amazed how

often you can sense feelings of inadequacy in the toughest, ablest men.

2nd BOSS: *I can't afford to gamble. I want to be sure a man can stand up to the pressures of responsibilities and making decisions—and at the same time get along with others.*

Why wait until you become the subject of a conversation like this to develop the sought after qualities that can lead to promotion and better income? The Dale Carnegie Course offers you this opportunity, as it has 750,000 men and women in the past 48 years. It is available in 1077 cities. Write us for complete details without obligation.



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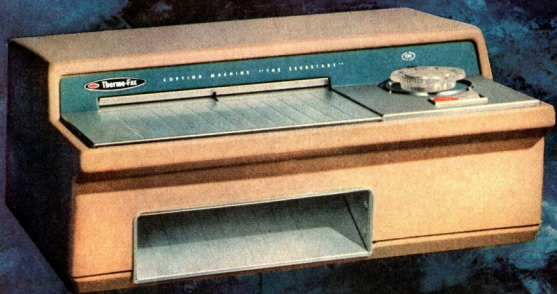
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MAIL THIS ATTACHED CARD NOW See for yourself why these all-electric machines have become more and more useful in speeding paperwork operations.



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LETTERS

The Political Arena

Sir: "1960-1964, years of decision," is what we face as voters. To make the voters get out of their easy chairs and stop watching television, has either party given us a man of distinction, with a definite, clear approach to our problems?

The politicians have given us two candidates that meet motivational research standards of offending few people, of having good television personalities, of having presentable families, of agreeing on most problems facing our country. If neither the Madison Avenue-modeled Nixon nor the family-owned Kennedy production gets us excited, then we may give the politicians in Congress the chance to pick our President. Motivational research gave us the Edsel. An honest wish to meet the needs of our country gave us the Ford.

DAVID H. NEUBOURG

New York City

Sir: As one voter who isn't blind, I am getting sick and tired of hearing about Jack Kennedy's "good looks." The last time I saw a face like his, Tarzan was feeding it bananas.

GRAHAM SMITH

Eugene, Ore.

Sir: The Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has failed us for the past 7½ years. We are now behind Russia in the space race, ballistic missile production and development, education, military manpower, and speed of economic growth. Developments in Cuba, Japan, Latin America and the Middle East have shocked us. We cannot afford to continue this dangerous drift. To lead us in the next four years we must have new faces in the White House—those of Kennedy and Johnson.

MICHAEL MRAS

Plymouth, Pa.

Sir: If Nixon continues at his present pace, by Election Day he won't have a leg to stand on.

TOM LEVY

Pueblo, Colo.

Expert Appraisal

Sir: As you know, Persia is my business—I might say my life—which means that I read the account [of Iran and the Shah] in *TIME* with probably as much interest as anybody. I am writing immediately to tell you that it was a remarkable job, and it is a subject on which I am not easily pleased, having growled, as you know, about previous accounts. But this is comprehensive, realistic, just; it is penetrating and sympathetic also; a remarkable performance—far and away the best I have seen about contemporary Iran. Congratulations to all concerned!

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE

Director

International Association for Iranian Art and Archaeology
New York City

Seat of Learning

Sir: Royal Oak Township's Carver Elementary School is "a cinderblock monstrosity," is it? Well, this is the school I had to build in a nearby village one day last year toward the finish of the monsoon, and in two days of end-of-monsoon rain, it looked like this (see cut). When the four months' rain totaled 250 in., the kids moved into a 10 by 10 cow-



shed darker than the Black Hole and as miry as Andersonville; and when the cows needed shelter we had to move out again.

Carver Elementary School looks a pretty marvelous building to us. What standards do you Americans use to measure by? Your own, or those of the rest of the poor world? Don't you ever give thanks for small mercies?

ELIZABETH SINHA

Lonavla, India

Les Girls

Sir: American females may be politicians, engineers, business executives and the like, but they do not excel in the only field where they are indispensable—that of being women. Since Carry Nation started her bar-busting campaign, American women have succeeded in losing their gentility, femininity and self-respect.

They have fled out of the home and left it a house.

They are guilty of gross neglect as homemakers.

Since their so-called emancipation, they have lost interest in men and replaced it with their own selfish motives. Their interest is in a meal ticket and what they can do with it. They are not interested in the men themselves.

Since their emancipation, they have fought men tooth and nail. They make no attempt to understand or get along with men. They operate on the principle that Carry Nation used in busting barrooms: It's O.K. for me to be unladylike and bust your bar to smithereens, but you are not allowed to stop me because that would be ungentlemanly. Senator Smith's so-called contributions and those of others like her are far overshadowed by their contribution of denying womanhood.

As long as thousands of American females attempt to emulate her in their present fashion they are all failures to the human race.

B. F. BAYRUNS

Camden, N.J.

Sir: Your obvious failure to state Margaret Chase Smith's religious affiliation was a blunder.

You made it clear that Lucia Cormier was a "Roman Catholic of French Canadian descent." So how about Senator Smith?

GARY A. JAMES

Marion, Ohio

¶ Senator Smith is a Methodist.—Ed.

The Powers Case

Sir: Congratulations to United Feature Syndicate's Bill White for his display of journalistic guts in stating some hard truths about

Powers' conduct at that trial. I'm sure he expressed most eloquently the feelings of most of America's combat veterans.

What price glory?

RUSSELL V. BOND
Guadalcanal, Class of '42

Arlington, Va.

Sir: I wonder just what Columnist White would have advised Powers to do. Eisenhower pleaded guilty for Powers before the pilot had a chance to plead guilty or innocent. Regardless of the salary Powers got, he figured his life was worth more.

And that's exactly what I'd have done under the same circumstances, and dollars to doughnuts Columnist White would have done the same if he had been shot down in Russia even at twice the salary of Powers.

LEWIS A. LINCOLN

Denver

Protestant Monks

Sir: Your Sept. 5 article, "The Brothers of Taizé," was immensely appreciated, since I have a close friend, Father Gérard Hani, among the 42 brothers at the French Protestant community.

Gérard and I have corresponded regularly since making acquaintance while we were with the Office of the Secretary to the Staff at SHAPE in France five years ago. After service with the French army at SHAPE, Gérard went to Taizé and was ordained in the community. The 32-year-old community has, in my estimation, fostered a basic doctrine of religious understanding which, if carried out by the various religious sects in our world, would do much to bring about a brotherhood of man that could lead to a definite, lasting peace.

RONALD E. SWARTZLANDER

Butler, Pa.

Sir: Now Protestant monks! To wipe out completely the small step forward taken by the Reformation, the only thing left to do will be to give them strings of beads and have them mutter meaningless prayers.

Instead of taking the lead away from medieval mysticism toward greater sanity in man, Protestantism seems to be regressing toward that one institution whose principal dedication is the propagation of immaturity in man.

FREDERICK FISCHER

Bakersfield, Calif.

B-B Shots

Sir: Kudos to the writer of the wonderful article, "The Era of Non-B," in your Aug. 22 issue! I roared.

HELGA SANDBURG

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I have often been disgusted with your reviews of books, movies and plays, considering them inadequate, unfair and obviously "moral."

But I must congratulate you for "The Era of Non-B." It's time our noses were turned up at the crap in our bookstores.

CHARLES FRANK

Taylor, Mich.

Pony Boy

Sir: I just read a nasty quip about what it would be like to have Jack Kennedy's expected child and his small daughter in the White House (spilled milk, crayon marks on the hallowed walls, etc.). One would do well to read up on what happened when Teddy



Every man has the power to look into the future

But too few do. Even though a look into the future, today, can mean financial security tomorrow. Some of us procrastinate until the "future" is already here ... simply because we do not know where or how to start.

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Roosevelt's family was there. At least the little Kennedy girl is not big enough to ride a pony through the White House.

MRS. ETHEL BORING

Ipsava, Ill.

¶ When Archie, T.R.'s third son, was sick abed with the measles, younger Brother Quentin thought that seeing his pony would hasten Archie's recovery. The pony, Algonquin by name, was smuggled up to Archie's room by elevator. Algonquin behaved commendably; Archie got better.—Ed.

Gerald L.K. Smith Speaks

Sir:

On page 26, column 2 of your Sept. 12 issue you libel me by referring to me as "a convicted subversive in World War II." This is completely false.

GERALD L.K. SMITH

Los Angeles

¶ TIME erred. Gerald L.K. Smith has never been indicted or convicted of any crime.—Ed.

28 Flavors

Sir:

Re your Sept. 5 article on Howard Johnson and his restaurants: when Mr. Johnson travels around the country, he ought to stop at the Howard Johnson restaurant in Baton Rouge. There he will find mediocre food, slooooooooooooooow service, LOUD noises, and dirty restrooms.

(MRS.) JOE S. JOYNER

Dallas

Sir:

My husband and I, after being on the road a steady 14 hours in 90° heat, with my two-year-old son starving, managed to drive right past a row of motel restaurants—because a sign on the road said "35 Miles Ahead to Another Howard Johnson's."

Now you tell me if we aren't his most ardent admirers!

(MRS.) A. BENTON LEWIS

Miami

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settle down around HOUSE OF LORDS and agree it's the best
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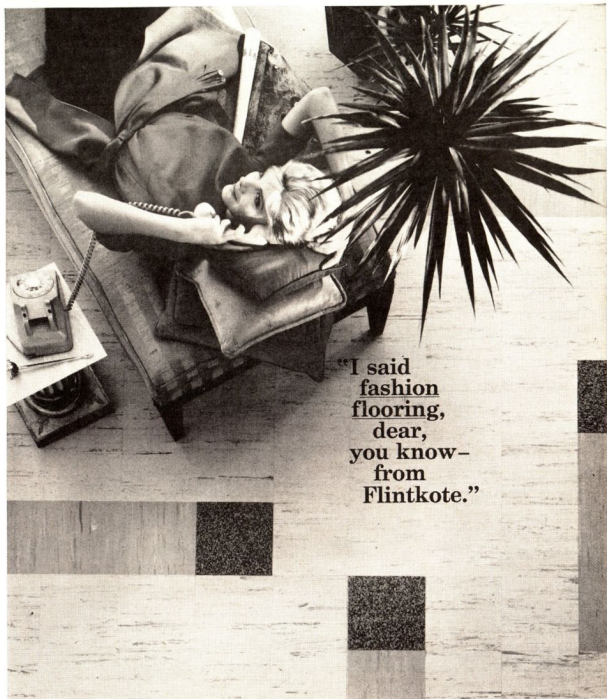


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WESTERN UNION



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dear,
you know—
from
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division reflect Flintkote's leadership in the building industry: Flexachrome® is the first vinyl asbestos tile ever used commercially; Super Tuff-Tex® is the original grease-proof industrial tile. Flintkote covers the field with adhesives, mastic flooring and maintenance materials. Here's another area where planning prepares Flintkote for demands of the future. *Building Today for the Markets of Tomorrow*

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Spectacle

The curtain across the world stage rustled and billowed as the cast of characters began to take their places for the most extraordinary political spectacle of modern times. To New York and the United Nations by slow boat came Nikita Khrushchev, with his gallery of satellite rogues trotting at his heels. One by one the other national leaders, of various hues of dependence and independence—Egypt's Nasser, Yugoslavia's Tito, Indonesia's Sukarno, Cuba's Castro, Ghana's Nkrumah—were due to arrive, all drawn, as was their right, to the General Assembly session where every member has an equal voice.

The U.S., still smarting from Khrushchev's insults to President Eisenhower and the U-2 furor, was in no mood to play jovial host to all comers. And though officialdom had clear distinctions in mind, it was not clear whether Manhattan passers-by would. Castro and his cronies (who were hard put to find a hotel willing to put them up), were told bluntly by the State Department to leave their accustomed shooting irons at home. Khrushchev and some of his puppets were denied freedom of movement beyond Man-



"ONE BORSCH AN' YOGHOURT, ONE CAMEL'S MILK, ONE SALAMI GAVRILOVIC, ONE INDIAN CURRY, ONE FUFU WITH CREAM, ONE HOT TOMALLEY WITH CHILI SAUCE, ONE SHISHKEBAB, AND ONE STOMACH POWDER FOR ME, FRED"

hattan (except, perhaps, for a trip to the U.S.S.R.'s estate at Glen Cove, Long Island). The reason, explained the State Department, was that security precautions could not be guaranteed in the light of the bitterness toward Khrushchev which had grown so monumental since his first visit. There was bound to be a dispute over the travel barrier ("Nonsense, just nonsense," Eleanor Roosevelt called it), as Khrushchev himself was bound to make propaganda hay out of it.

Security & Substance. The possibility of enthusiastic inhospitality to Khrushchev brought real problems. Longshoremen promised that they would not unload *Baltika*, threatened to hire boats to follow the Russian liner into port with heckles cracking the air. The U.N. security section fattened its number from 300 to 300, banned all but official visitors from the premises during the General Assembly sessions. The U.S. military and State Department moved intelligence and security details into Manhattan.

New York City's Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy ordered a cot set up in his office in anticipation of a heavy week, canceled all holidays for his cops, placed his 24,000-man force on a 60-hour work week, alerted inspectors for 24-hour-a-day duty, assigned 8,000 men just to guard the visitors. Picketing would be permitted, he said, though not with placards held with sticks that might be wielded as weapons. All "movable objects" that might be used for ammunition (e.g., trash receptacles) were removed from streets on which the visitors might ride. All but security craft were banned from the immediate vicinity of

Baltika's assigned berth on the East River, and some streets close by were closed to regular traffic.

Braced for Politicking. And what of the real substance of Khrushchev's visit, the bag of tricks that he had ready to dump on the U.N. floor? So certain were many Americans that he would be dreadfully effective—if not in the U.S., certainly abroad—that they besieged the press and television networks with letters urging only minimum coverage of Khrushchev, so as to vitiate the effect of his words on the listening world. Manhattan's Overseas Press Club was roundly abused by some for inviting Khrushchev to a press conference. Both presidential candidates sensed the effect that the mischievous intrusion might make on the presidential campaign—and braced for Khrushchev's crude politicking.

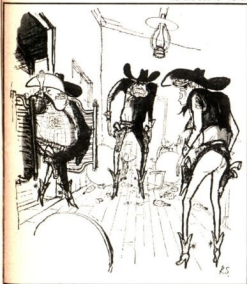
President Eisenhower, making what was billed as his farewell address to the General Assembly, prepared a speech that would try to anticipate Khrushchev's worst, would set forth the position of peaceful U.S. intentions—food for peace, nuclear inspection, etc. Ike would probably come and go without a nod to Khrushchev, unless Khrushchev sought a meeting. And then, presumably the following day Khrushchev would have his say.

THE CAMPAIGN

In Search of Impact

"Impact" was the word for campaigning last week. In order to get it, the two presidential candidates and their running mates, all on separate courses, spent as much time in the air as they did on the

Ronald Searle—Punch



"HOWDY, STRANGERS"

ground, pushed themselves and their staffs into 18-hour days and hollow-eyed fatigue. The idea was to chop the day into valuable hours and many states,* to dart in and out of as many towns and cities as possible, to make the same basic speech sound hopefully fresh to each new audience, to capture local television and newspaper headlines, and whisk off again for the next town while the crowds were still applauding and calling for more. The big TV spectaculars, with the whole country watching at once, could come later. Now the object was to be seen in person by as many people as possible.

Nixon's Take-Off. While nursing his infected knee at Walter Reed General Hospital, Richard Nixon had spent long

overlook what is right, and he almost always got in the "impact line" about "never apologizing to Khrushchev." It was a well-tempered speech, and though newsmen and other camp followers wilted at hearing it over and over, Nixon delivered it each time with the appearance of freshness and splashes of local color—as if he had thought it all up just the moment before. He made a strenuous week of it, climaxing in Iowa when he spelled out the first half of his far-reaching farm program (see below).

Kennedy's Landing. Both Kennedy and Nixon assumed that people wanted to get a look at, and form an impression of the candidates, rather than listen to long oratory. Kennedy in particular found lis-

been suggested that your objective is to divide our country in the midst of our election. Let me say as emphatically as I can: "Those tactics will not work." You may hear us inquiring into our lost prestige, our shaky defenses, our lack of leadership. But do not be deceived. The Democratic Party wants to win this election . . . to achieve peace and regain our security and rebuild America's strength."

Operation Consume

Talking to a crowd spread across the hillside at Guthrie Center, Iowa last week, Richard Nixon wanted the farmers to know that they are the last people he would hold responsible for the costly farm program. Fat farm surpluses that have kept farm profits so slim, said he, are the "product more of politics than of productivity. It is wrong to blame the farmer for the fact that Government illogically insisted upon unrealistic incentives to keep production up, while at the same time it conjured up bureaucratic controls in a futile attempt to keep production down."

Since Government got the farmer into difficulty, said he, "Government should unhesitatingly, as a matter of obligation, help indemnify him to get him out." Government programs had been "too timid and too little" up to now he said, not mentioning either the Eisenhower Administration or Agriculture Secretary Ezra T. Benson by name.⁸ Present surpluses, said Nixon, should be disposed of; future surpluses should never be allowed to accumulate. And at the 21st annual plowing contest in Guthrie Center, Nixon discussed the four parts of "Operation Consume," his plan for dealing with the surplus part of the problem. It calls for:

- 1 Intensified U.S. effort to funnel farm surpluses into the United Nations' Food-for-Peace Program, plus a careful development of foreign markets in underdeveloped countries for American produce.
- 2 Creation of a strategic food reserve at home, stockpiles set up at convenient points in case of enemy attack and periodically renewed with fresh supplies.
- 3 Setting up a "barter" system by which farmers would be paid out of present surpluses for keeping part of their acreage idle; farmers could then sell or feed to livestock the surplus grain they received.

4 An urgent study of methods for converting excess grain into low-cost protein foods, e.g. canned meat, powdered milk and eggs, for distribution at home and abroad.

All this, said Nixon, would cost the U.S. more at first, but "we must and should be willing to pay more in order to take a big bite out of the surplus" by a target date four years hence. "No more exciting challenge will confront the next President and his Administration than



DICK & PAT NIXON IN INDIANAPOLIS
The spectaculars could come later.

hours working out his in-and-out schedule. On the opening day of his campaigning, President Eisenhower and Vice Presidential Nominee Henry Cabot Lodge saw him off in a storm at Baltimore's Friendship International Airport (it reminded Ike that he had launched his own 1952 campaign in a storm in Abilene). The chartered Boeing 707 landed in sunny Indianapolis at lunchtime, in Dallas by mid-afternoon and in San Francisco at sunset—with time for parades, speeches and interviews at each stop. So it went through the week as the Nixons put the jigsaw puzzle of the U.S. together in their own way—hitting Portland, Boise, Grand Forks, Peoria, St. Louis, Atlantic City, Roanoke, Omaha and winding up in Minneapolis with a turnout of 100,000.

At most stops, Nixon had one simple all-purpose speech: he pleaded with voters to pick the candidate who could keep the peace with honor, who could maintain the Eisenhower record; critics, he said pointedly, are far too interested in what's wrong with America, too prone to

teners' attention wandering in his prepared speeches, eventually cut to his own kind of all-purpose hearing. The crucial hour of Kennedy's week was his confrontation of a group of critical Protestant ministers in Houston. That over, he raced back to fight on other fronts, turning the Southwest over to his running mate Lyndon Johnson, whose assignment was to reassure the folks in towns and villages that Jack Kennedy was their man.

Kennedy himself flew back to Manhattan to accept the Liberal Party nomination, to join forces with Adlai Stevenson, and to promise leadership toward "the new and better world beyond the New Frontier." On across the city and into New Jersey he carried his own basic, oft-repeated theme: the decline of the U.S. at home and abroad. In heavily Democratic centers he added a clarion call for party loyalty.

Well aware that he might find Nikita Khrushchev elbowing into the declining-prestige-of-the-U.S. argument this week, Kennedy devoted an entire speech in Pikesville, Md. to setting the Russians straight. Said he to Khrushchev: "It has

⁸ Lyndon Johnson was ready to fill any gaps: Nixon, he said, had deflected Benson's farm program "for seven years and seven months, but now wants the voters to believe for the next 60 days that he favors the Democratic approach on the surplus problem."

* Nixon visited 21 in one week, Kennedy 27.

that of making a national asset, rather than a liability, out of our nation's ability to produce more food and fiber than any other people on earth."

This week in South Dakota, Nixon promised to spell out the second half of his program: "Operation Safeguard," designed to prevent the production of more farm surpluses while "Operation Consume" eats up the plenty that the U.S. already has.

Test of Religion

Jack Kennedy carefully chose his ground for his counterthrust on religion, and it was plainly hostile ground. Looking something like a parson himself, dressed in severe black suit and black tie, he strode purposefully into the ballroom of Houston's Rice Hotel last week to address and be questioned by the Greater Houston Ministerial Association under the eye of a statewide TV. Nervously he worked his thumbs together, rubbed his fists back and forth, sipped water several times as he waited through the introductions and opening prayer. "What's the mood of the ministers?" he asked his press chief, Pierre Salinger. Replied Salinger: "They're tired of being called bigots."

"I Would Resign." Once in command of the microphone, Kennedy wasted no time getting to his point. "I believe in America," said he, reading word for word from a five-page statement drafted by himself and Speechwriter Ted Sorensen (a Unitarian), "where the separation of church and state is absolute—where no Catholic prelate would tell the President, should he be a Catholic, how to act, and no Protestant minister would tell his parishioners for whom to vote." He urged the clergymen to "judge me on the basis of my record of 14 years in Congress—on my declared stands against an Ambassador to the Vatican, against unconstitutional aid to parochial schools and against any boycott of the public schools, which I have attempted myself . . . I do not speak for my church on public matters—and the church does not speak for me."

Then Kennedy came to a paragraph that would be cited for years to come. "Whatever issue may come before me as President, if I should be elected—on birth control, divorce, censorship, gambling, or any other subject—I will make my decision in accordance with these views, in accordance with what my conscience tells me to be in the national interest, and without regard to outside religious pressure or dictates. And no power or threat of punishment could cause me to decide otherwise. But if the time should ever come—and I do not concede any conflict to be even remotely possible—when my office would require me to either violate my conscience or violate the national interest, then I would resign from office, and I hope any conscientious public servant would do the same."

"An Improper Action." When Kennedy had finished, the ministers applauded politely, then opened fire, often with complex questions. Kennedy fielded skillfully. Yes, he said, he would attend any non-

Catholic religious service "that has any connection with my public office." No, he would not request Boston's Cardinal Cushing to ask the Vatican to "authorize" Kennedy's views on church-state separation because, just as Kennedy expected the church to keep out of his politics, so he intended to keep out of church matters. What if the Catholic Church used its "privilege and obligation," as white-haired Baptist Minister K.O. White called it, to direct Kennedy's political life? Kennedy stuck out his jaw: "I would reply to them that this was an improper action on their part, that it was one to which I could not subscribe. I am confident there would be no such interference."

Most of the ministers were impressed

"I disapprove of the religious issue being used in my behalf or against my opponent." But he resisted demands from Democratic quarters that he denounce the implied endorsement of the Citizens for Religious Freedom—including such prominent Protestant preachers as Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Dr. Daniel A. Poling—which had questioned the Kennedy candidacy on religious grounds.

Hapless Dr. Peale, for once not seeming Everyman's best guide to *Confident Living* (one of his multimillion-selling titles), tried to separate himself from the movement he had made himself the spokesman for. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* dropped his weekly column. Dr. Peale emerged from a week-long "retreat," after offering to re-



Paul Schutzer—Life

JACK KENNEDY ADDRESSES PROTESTANT MINISTERS IN HOUSTON
The answer would be cited for years.

if not converted. "Martin Luther himself would have welcomed Senator Kennedy and cheered him," said a Lutheran, the Rev. George C. Reck. But some were unfazed. "Senator Kennedy is either a poor Catholic or he is stringing the people along," said Dr. W. A. Crisswell, pastor of the nation's largest Southern Baptist congregation, who believes that a Catholic President is only the first step, until finally comes the day when "religious history has also died in America as it has died in Spain." The Kennedy camp rated Kennedy's performance as highly successful—and highly important in a state where he and Nixon are thought to be running neck and neck. Kennedy men planned to send tapes of the show to TV stations throughout the South and Midwest.

Cutoff. Early in the week, Dick Nixon proposed that both candidates keep the religion issue out of the Page One headlines by agreeing to a "cutoff date on its discussion." For himself, Nixon intended to begin the cutoff immediately, although he acknowledged that it would be more difficult for Kennedy to do so, and he rested on his often-repeated position that

sign from the pulpit of Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church (refused), and submitting his resignation from the Citizens for Religious Freedom (accepted), and he declared that the people have a right to elect a man of any religion—or none at all—to the presidency. "I was not duped, I was just stupid," he told a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter.

"Magnificent." The so-called Citizens for Religious Freedom, which had set the whole fuss going the week before, praised Kennedy's Houston statement as "the most complete, unequivocal and reassuring statement which could be expected of any person in his position." "Magnificent," echoed Dr. Daniel A. Poling. In the October issue of the *Christian Herald*, which he edits, Dr. Poling explained why he got into the public controversy in the first place. "Religion is important in an election because it is important, or should be important, to the man who practices it. Anything that helps to make the man important to voters when that man runs for public office and particularly for the highest office in the land."

Democratic National Chairman Henry

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

The religion debate spread from pulpit to press to public. Some comments:

BOSTON HERALD:

Can the voters, in weighing Mr. Kennedy's qualifications, ignore his Catholicism? Can they ignore Mr. Nixon's Quaker persuasion? They obviously can't. A man is the sum of all the influences at work on him and in him. Religion is an important influence. But in the political context, it is not, and must not be allowed to become, all-important.

DETROIT NEWS:

We believe that Kennedy has answered all of the relevant questions satisfactorily and that they should no longer be asked.

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER:

Bigotry works two ways. It is bigotry to oppose a man for public office because of his religious faith. But it is also bigotry to accuse those who oppose him for valid political reasons of acting out of prejudice.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

There are occasions when it seems as though [Kennedy] or his supporters welcome the chance to discuss religion. We think that from this time until the end of the campaign, Senator Kennedy would be wise in taking the position that he has said all that needs to be said about religion.

MURRAY KEMPTON, *writing in the NEW YORK POST:*

The religious issue has already cost Jack Kennedy all the votes it can; the widespread disgust it has aroused can only help him from now on. He would be a fool not to keep it going.

JAMES RESTON, *writing in the NEW YORK TIMES:*

It is, of course, true that many people in Texas sincerely oppose Kennedy for both economic and religious reasons. But it also happens to be true that it is easier, and cheaper, to defeat him here among the working class voters with religious rather than economic arguments.

ROSCOE DRUMMOND, *writing in the NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE:*

To try to make a voter's opposition to Kennedy proof of bigotry is itself a form of bigotry.

DORIS FLEESON:

It must appear incredible to General de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer, good Catholics both, to hear from America that a Catholic cannot be trusted to lead a democratic nation.

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY:

The campaign will proceed as expected. It is likely to be one of the dirtiest in history.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY, *non-denominational Protestant weekly:*

A time of sudden deterioration of the international position of the United States is not a time to magnify out of all proportion an issue which could fatally divide America. It is Khrushchev, not the pope, who is coming to the United Nations.

WORLD OUTLOOK, *a Methodist monthly magazine:*

We do not know whether to vote against or for a man simply because he is a member of a group is bigotry or not. But it undoubtedly is bad politics and worse religion.

REGISTER, *national Catholic weekly:*

The Republican candidate should denounce the support of the political parsons with as much vigor and decision as that with which Abraham Lincoln disowned Know-Nothing support in 1854.

RABBI MAURICE N. EISENDRATH, *President of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations:*

Both religion and democracy are downgraded when religion is used as a weapon of partisan political warfare.

THE TABLET, *weekly newspaper of the Diocese of Brooklyn:*

For years Dr. Peale, from the pulpit, in his syndicated column and in his books had championed a saccharine philosophy, far removed from bigotry. It was a distinct shock not only to Catholics but to many non-Catholics to see him lined up with, and offering leadership to, the forces of prejudice, the agents of hate.

CRUSADER, *American Baptist Convention monthly:*

A Kennedy administration would probably bend over backward to avoid the appearance of evil lest subsequent Catholic candidacies be forever compromised.

THE CATHOLIC NEWS, *weekly newspaper of the Archdiocese of New York:*

All this discussion of religion . . . is doing the Catholic Church more good than harm by showing the ridiculousness of the arguments against the Church and by making Catholic champions of many Catholics who have been lukewarm.

M. ("Scoop") Jackson hinted darkly that Republican moneybags were bankrolling the anti-Catholic campaign, and challenged the press to find out "who prepared the statement issued by Dr. Peale's group." He suggested that the issue was turning the whole campaign in Kennedy's favor. Ex-President Harry Truman charged that back home in Independence, Mo., the Republicans are sending out all the dirty pamphlets they can find on the religious issue. Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton rebutted in the same vein: "The Democrats are deliberately keeping the religious issue alive for the purpose of exploiting it for their own political advantage. Former President Truman's statement that Republican headquarters are issuing anti-Catholic pamphlets is completely false and reprehensible."

Whose Gain? Candidate Kennedy, flying into Manhattan to accept the Liberal Party's endorsement, convulsed the dinner by declaring that the Republican platform should be entitled "The Power of Positive Thinking."* Invading heavily industrial New Jersey, he got one of the greatest receptions of any candidate in memory.

Politicians in both camps agreed that Kennedy stood to gain from the religion furor—so long as a counterreaction did not set in out of suspicion that he was deliberately exploiting it. Some Protestant Democrats might be roused to vote against him on the basis of religion alone in the farm belt and in the Deep South. But in the populous industrial states that he needs most of all—New York (35% Catholic), New Jersey (43%), Pennsylvania (3%), Illinois (33%), Michigan (24%), Ohio (21%), Wisconsin (32%)—Kennedy stands a good chance of winning, if he can solidify the Democratic Catholic vote that swung to Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956.† Nixon, on the other hand, feels that if religion does not become the decisive point in a voter's mind, he has a good chance of carrying such predominantly Catholic groups as the Poles and Hungarians, on the issue of "standing up to the Russians." Nixon's hold on conservative Catholic Republicans is strong, but TIME correspondents last week detected some movement away from Nixon into the "undecided" sector, under the force of the religion debate.

Religion was a subject that, most everyone agreed, had to be talked out at some point in the campaign, and sincere men as well as bigots had brought it to the fore. And it was also a question that could be talked about too much, to the exclusion of other important matters in 1960.

* Other humor making the rounds in Catholic circles: Kennedy wins the presidency, and in the normal course of events the time comes to elect a new Pope. "How about America's Cardinal Spellman?" suggests one Italian cardinal. "Not on your life," snaps a second. "Do you want the Vatican to be run from the White House?"

† Last week the Gallup Poll reported that 71% of U.S. Catholic voters lean toward Kennedy, 26% toward Nixon, with 3% undecided.

REPUBLICANS

The Great Surprise

(See Cover)

As the tall, broad-shouldered candidate sped through the prosperous North Shore suburbs of Chicago one evening last week, waving from the back seat of a black convertible, clusters of people on the sidewalks cheered, shouted, waved flares and sparklers. The motorcade stretched three blocks as it rolled through Evanston's Fountain Square, on through Wilmette's main crossroads corner. Jammed into the parking lot at the Old Orchard shopping center in Skokie was a crowd of more than 20,000, gathered in caravans, some of which had come from neighboring southern Wisconsin. Scattered through the crowd were homemade signs proclaiming HE'S OUR MAN, or spelling out the candidate's name in separate letters, one per placard: L-O-D-G-E.

When the black convertible pulled up to the speakers' platform erected for the occasion, there was an outburst of cheering and applause, almost drowning out a well-dressed woman's shout to her husband: "He's so handsome!" Youngsters set up a "We Want Lodge!" chant, and the grownups joined in. Somebody handed the candidate's smiling wife a massive bouquet of four dozen roses, and as the cheers continued Henry Cabot Lodge, the G.O.P.'s choice for vice president, raised his arms to form a V. "This was Nixon territory," Illinois Congresswoman Marguerite Stitt Church boomed into the microphone. "Now it's also Lodge territory!"

The great American game of politics was taking on a mid-season look. The roars at Skokie toward the end of Lodge's first full week of campaigning, however, were the kind that a vice-presidential candidate rarely gets.

High Rating. The extent of Cabot Lodge's popularity with the U.S. public is the greatest surprise of the campaign so far. "Tremendous! Tremendous!" gloats Leonard Hall, sometime G.O.P. National Chairman, now co-manager of the Nixon-Lodge campaign. Says Michigan's Republican National Committeeman John B. Martin: "The reaction to Lodge is the most extraordinary thing in the whole campaign in Michigan. Republican groups, Negro organizations, women's clubs—they all want Lodge." A Gallup poll designed to measure the degree of voter enthusiasm for each candidate gave Lodge a higher rating than Kennedy, Johnson or Nixon. So many urgent requests for Lodge to speak have poured into G.O.P. headquarters in Washington that Lodge has had to abandon his hope of keeping his weekends free during the campaign to rest and relax at his home on Massachusetts Bay.

Chosen Issue. In part, Lodge's appeal derives from physical attributes. If Hollywood were casting Distinguished-Politician-as-Good-Guy, it could hardly find a likelier looking specimen than towering (6 ft. 2½ in.), handsome Cabot Lodge. He is 58, has grey hair and eight grand-



Paul R. Schell

CABOT & EMILY LODGE CAMPAIGNING IN MERCER, PA.
Every bunch of roses was the first.

children, but he still has a youthfully athletic air about him. His voice is throatily masculine, with a kind of standard, radio-announcer accent that shows only faint traces of Boston and Harvard.

Far more important is the TV reputation Lodge made as head of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations. The campaign's "great, overriding issue," said Candidate Richard Nixon last week, is foreign policy, the question of which ticket is better equipped to "keep the peace for America and extend freedom throughout the world." On that theme and the advertising slogan "Experience Counts," the Republicans have pitched their whole campaign.

If foreign policy proves to be the decisive issue, Nixon could hardly have picked a better running mate than Henry Cabot Lodge. For 7½ years, from January 1953 until he stepped down three weeks ago to plan his campaign, Lodge was the U.S. spokesman in the greatest forum of world opinion, the most public battleground of the cold war. And the U.S. public, watching on millions of TV screens, saw Lodge at work in that forum-battle-ground. At every stop along the trail, people swarm around him to clasp his hand and tell him that they admired his work at the U.N. During a Lodge speech at Butler, Pa. (where the old Nixon Hotel was recently renamed the Nixon Lodge), newsmen ran a spot check of the crowd, found that 35 out of 48 men and 21 out of 40 women polled had seen Lodge's U.N. performance on TV. All approved.

By one of the political ironies of Campaign Year 1960, Lodge reached his biggest and most receptive TV audience during the Democratic Convention. In the

hulls between delegate polling and routine oratory at Los Angeles, the networks switched to the U.N., which was debating Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba's appeal for U.N. troops to restore order. By contrast with the convention's gassy meanderings and tiresome rigmarole, Lodge's arguments in favor of sending U.N. troops, and his telling retorts to Soviet rumblings about a "colonialist conspiracy" seemed the real world.

Double Appeal. Cabot Lodge's U.N.-born political popularity attests to a pretty clear U.S. consensus on the nation's role in the modern world. Down to the eve of World War II, the traditional U.S. wish in foreign relations was to have, as George Washington counseled in his Farewell Address, "as little political connection as possible" with foreign nations. That outlook came to be called "isolationism," though what Washington advised, and what most Americans wanted, was not isolation but avoidance of permanent entanglements that might drag the U.S. into alien quarrels or impair its sovereignty. Cabot Lodge, before World War II, outspokenly shared that viewpoint. He fought most of F.D.R.'s attempts to commit the U.S. to the allied side, though he backed Roosevelt's big defense budgets.

Isolationism is a word not heard much any more in the U.S. What has replaced it, after the first enthusiasm of one-worldism, is a blend of internationalism and nationalism, a viewpoint that accepts the permanent entanglements with other nations as necessary and even desirable, but insists on upholding the sovereignty and interests of the U.S. In his performance at the U.N., Cabot Lodge filled that bill well. While unmistakably dedicated

to the U.N. idea, he never left any doubt that he was there as the spokesman for the U.S. and the guardian of its interests.

He fought the Russians with a zealous combative, always holding that the fight was essential to keep the kind of peace to which the U.N. was dedicated. It was this intricate combination that at once upheld U.S. interest as the Eisenhower Administration saw it, and persuaded traditional doubters that the U.N. was a proper place for the U.S. to try to settle the world's problems.

Poetry & Politics. Through most of his U.N. years Lodge was reminded constantly that he was the grandson and namesake of Henry Cabot Lodge Sr., who in simplified versions of history is often blamed for blocking U.S. entry into the U.N.'s predecessor, the League of Nations. As chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the elder Lodge advocated ratification of President Wilson's League of Nations Covenant, but only with a batch of reservations designed to safeguard U.S. sovereignty. Wilson was adamant against any reservations, and the Covenant (with Lodge's reservations attached) was defeated in the Senate in November 1919. As Grandson Lodge is fond of pointing out, the U.N. Charter ratified by the Senate in 1945 included several sovereignty safeguards similar to those that the elder Lodge insisted upon in 1919.

Scion of one of Massachusetts Bay's great Brahmin families (see Family Tree), Lodge numbers half a dozen U.S. Senators among his ancestors. Lodge's father, George Cabot Lodge, died when son Henry was seven, and the boy grew up under the tutelage of Grandfather Lodge, confidant and adviser to Theodore Roosevelt, and author of several scholarly biographies. Inevitably, young Lodge went to Middlesex School and Harvard. Despite a fondness for dances, song-fests (he still sings at parties, with no help from alcohol) and long, impassioned discussions of politics, Lodge finished up at Harvard in three years by taking extra courses, was graduated *cum laude* despite the speedup.

Lodge inherited his grandfather's fascination with politics, but first spent nearly a decade as a journalist, starting out as a cub reporter on the Boston *Evening Transcript* and winding up as an editorial writer on the *Herald Tribune*.* In between he interviewed Mussolini, went along on the U.S. Marines' expedition to Nicaragua in 1928, covered the political conventions of 1924, 1928, 1932. New York Timesman Arthur Krock recalled last week that, at the 1928 Democratic Convention in Houston, he and Reporter Lodge found their way into a hotel elevator blocked by a stubborn guard, posted by politicians who had commandeered the elevator for their own use. News was breaking on an upper floor, and no other elevator was in sight; Lodge cleared a path for himself, and for Krock, by knocking the guard down.

* While in the *Trib's* Washington bureau, he worked as a stringer-correspondent for the young magazine *Time*.

When Lodge turned to politics during the Depression, it was an unpromising time for Republican newcomers. In 1936, after four years in the Massachusetts state legislature, he ran for the U.S. Senate against formidable Democratic Governor James Michael Curley, longtime machine mayor of Boston, and trounced him by 135,000 votes, though Franklin Roosevelt carried Massachusetts that year by 174,000. In that Democratic landslide year, Lodge was the only Republican to capture a Democratic-held Senate seat.

Like John F. Kennedy after him, Lodge was not conspicuous for legislative achievements and never gained entry into the inner club that rules the Senate. Many of his fellow Senators considered him arrogant, a trait he has since



Carl Mydans—LIFE
ESCORT LODGE & CHARGE (1959)
Reinforcing a claim to plain talk.

done much to subdue. On domestic affairs he voted the more or less liberal line that is expected of a Massachusetts Senator (he was one of two Republican Senators to vote for the 1937 minimum-wage bill). Lodge's only book, a now-forgotten tract entitled *The Cult of Weakness* (1932), was an attack on pacifism, a plea for military preparedness. In the Senate, he argued for more warships in 1938, more planes in 1939, and in 1940 called for a compulsory selective service law before the Roosevelt Administration did.

A longtime Army Reserve officer, Lodge volunteered for active service soon after Pearl Harbor. After the Roosevelt Administration ruled that a member of the Senate could not serve in the Armed Forces, Lodge resigned from the Senate, becoming the first U.S. Senator since the Civil War to resign to go to war. He saw action as a tank officer in North Africa and as a

liaison officer in Europe, reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, won a Bronze Star and a Legion of Merit. In 1947 he returned to the Senate to join with Michigan's Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, a prewar isolationist, as a champion of foreign aid, the U.N., and NATO. Vandenberg, enormously impressed with the war-matured Lodge, predicted that he would some day be elected President.

A longtime admirer of Dwight Eisenhower, Lodge in 1952 helped persuade Ike to run, managed his pre-Chicago campaign to wrestle the G.O.P. nomination away from Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft. Lodge was also the man in charge of working out the list of vice-presidential prospects from among whom Eisenhower finally tapped Richard Nixon. In working to get Ike nominated and elected, Lodge overconfidently neglected his home fences, and lost his Senate seat to Jack Kennedy, whose maternal grandfather John F. Fitzgerald had lost a Senate race to Lodge's grandfather back in 1916.

Delicate Art. Lodge seemed politically dead. And when President Eisenhower appointed him to head the nation's U.N. delegation, that scarcely seemed the road to political comeback. Lodge's predecessor, Warren R. Austin, had been a stateside expounder of State Department instructions, reciting speeches written in Washington. But Dwight Eisenhower, determined to upgrade the U.N. in U.S. foreign policy and to strengthen the U.S. voice in the world forum, made Lodge a "personal member" of the Cabinet (Lodge's predecessor had no Cabinet status), and gave him responsibility in the making of U.S. foreign policy.

"I have reason to be grateful to Kennedy," Lodge has often said. "It's because of him that I went to the U.N." At the U.N., Lodge proved effective in a way he had never been in the Senate. Growing in stature and skill from one crisis to the next, he proved to be a tough battler in oratorical jousts with the Russians, insisting on the value of immediate reply, rather than waiting for Washington to draft something official and late. He also became surprisingly adept at rounding up Asian and African votes on important showdowns. The U.S. never lost in either the Security Council or the General Assembly in a head-on clash with the Russians. Last year Lodge fell heir to a special test of diplomacy when he was assigned to be Khrushchev's official host on the celebrated tour of the U.S.

Upset Calculations. Few G.O.P. politicians realized, until after he was nominated, how widespread was the U.S. awareness and approval of Lodge's U.N. performance. In polls showing presidential preferences among Republican voters during 1959 and the early months of 1960, Lodge consistently ran third, after Nixon and Rockefeller, though he had done nothing at all to stir up political interest in himself. One G.O.P. politician who did grasp the meaning of those polls was Richard Nixon who long before the conventions decided to make his stand on foreign policy. That made Lodge an ob-

vious vice-presidential prospect, and Lodge was plainly receptive.

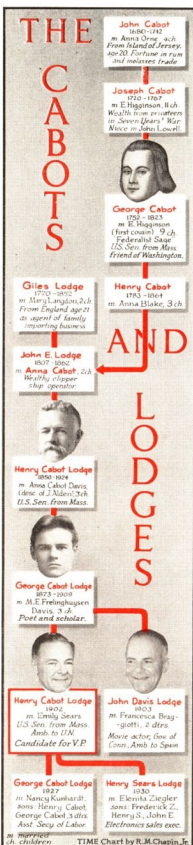
At Chicago—and in the famous Treaty of Fifth Avenue huddle—Nixon went all out to make New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller his running mate, aware of his crowd-pleasing talents, his appeal to independents, and the need for his help to swing New York's 45 electoral votes. Rockefeller refused to join the ticket, but agreed to support Nixon. The Midwestern Republicans, still resentful of Lodge's role in derailing Ohio's Taft in 1952, wanted Nixon to pick Kentucky's Senator Thurston B. Morton, G.O.P. National Chairman, for his Vice President. Everybody agreed he would add to Republican appeal in the South. But after Kennedy's surprise choice of Texas' Lyndon B. Johnson as his running mate, dismayed Nixonmen shared Kennedy's feelings that the South was lost to the Republicans. That made it all the more necessary to push the foreign-policy issue, in an effort to swing votes outside the South. His own mind made up, Nixon got the unanimous ratification of Lodge (who was Eisenhower's favorite choice even during the Rockefeller boom) in a two-hour session with party leaders after the presidential nomination. "This is the first time," says a top Nixon staffer, "that a vice-presidential nominee was chosen without any hope of his carrying his own state."⁹

Better than Nixon? Soon after the conventions, both parties discovered that they had miscalculated the political appeal of both vice-presidential nominees. Lyndon Johnson may have avoided a defection of Southern leaders, but far from rallying to him, many Southerners—and many Southern editorialists—denounced Johnson as a traitor to the South. In sharp contrast, when G.O.P. politicians got home, they discovered that Lodge was highly popular among the voters—and possibly even a better candidate for their needs than Rockefeller. Says North Dakota Lawyer Robert Chesrown, a local Republican leader: "Until I came back from the convention I never realized how much Lodge meant to the party. People here were really talking about him. It began to dawn on me that Lodge is just as well as, maybe even better liked in this area than Nixon."

Nixon, making the most of Lodge's popularity, proclaimed that if elected, he would give Lodge more powers than any Vice President in history. He promised to make him the director of all nonmilitary aspects of the cold war—political, diplomatic, economic and propagandistic.

Matinee Show. G.O.P. soundings indicate that Lodge has a special appeal to the nation's housewives, who made up a large part of his afternoon U.N. audience. Result: campaign planners expect to put Lodge on at least one nationwide TV

* Many a vice-presidential nominee has failed to swing his home state to his ticket. Examples: Illinois' Adlai E. Stevenson (grandfather of the sometime presidential candidate) in 1956, New York's Franklin Roosevelt in 1920, Iowa's Henry Wallace in 1940, California's Earl Warren in 1948, Tennessee's Estes Kefauver in 1956.



broadcast at a novel afternoon time. Lodge also seems to appeal to Negroes. Explains Detroit's Dr. Junius Taylor, a Negro physician who considers himself a political independent but this year is heading an outfit called Greater Detroit Volunteers for Nixon and Lodge: "Lodge had to deal with all the peoples of the world, and though they are not all Negroes, he understands what it means. His fairness in dealing with these peoples greatly impresses us."

Another campaign plus is Lodge's wife Emily. Emily Sears, the daughter of another prosperous upper-class Boston family, met Cabot Lodge at her coming-out party in 1924, accepted his proposal two years later. Over the years she is credited with smoothing down his tendency to be snappish or haughty.¹⁰ U.N. delegates found her a charming hostess in the Lodges' Waldorf Towers apartment; politicians and crowds alike have found her a relaxed, warmhearted campaigner who, as one reporter put it, "accepts every bunch of roses as though it were the first she ever got." "People respect Lodge," says Nixon Strategist Len Hall, "but they love Mrs. Lodge."

"Unless You're a Saint." As Lodge put together a staff and hit the campaign trail, he was perhaps the most relaxed candidate in the business. "There are really two essential things in campaigning," he says. "First, you must be in good humor. If you're going to be irascible, you ought to stay home. Second, you ought to make sense in your speeches. These are the two things you must do. Unless you're a saint, you can't be in good humor when you're exhausted."

Appropriately relaxed, in an unfamiliar setting, Lodge rolled up his sleeves and began his work with the Labor Day crowds at Coney Island and back in the New York Catskill resort country. Last week he hit the trail, starting with joint ceremonies with Eisenhower and Nixon at Baltimore's Friendship Airport, then moving swiftly on to Columbus, Huntington, W. Va., half a dozen towns in western Pennsylvania, then on to Chicago and Miami, flying back to Washington at week's end.

At every stop, Lodge repeated his stock campaign speech. "We Americans live in a world of dangers," it goes. "It would be folly to underestimate the shrewdness and the ruthlessness of the Russians. Chairman Khrushchev undoubtedly means it when he says he hopes to live to see the whole world under the red flag of Communism." To keep that from happening, the U.S. must keep up its military strength and, in addition, "win men's minds in three ways: first, through the power of our example at home; second, through joining with underdeveloped countries in a

* Lodge still occasionally antagonizes a newsmen by addressing him as "my good man" or "my dear man," but he is fighting the habit. At a press conference in Chicago last week, he used "my dear man" in speaking to a reporter, then smilingly corrected himself: "I was criticized for using that phrase, so strike it."

war on poverty and disease; third, through our diplomacy, to keep the diplomatic initiative."

Inside Pages. Lodge campaigns, not against Kennedy or Johnson, but against Khrushchev. He never mentions Kennedy or Johnson by name. Only rarely did he refer to the Democratic ticket even indirectly. At a press conference in Columbus, he said that it was "most improper" to raise the religion issue. "I absolutely refuse to admit that my three Roman Catholic grandsons will be debarred from the presidency on those grounds, or, for that matter, my two Episcopal grandsons."*

Lodge does not expect to proclaim any bold new directions during the campaign. That, as he sees it, is Nixon's province. "If I have any bright ideas," says Lodge, "I expect I will pass them on to Dick Nixon." He will be content, he says, to make the inside pages of the newspapers, leaving it up to Nixon to stir up the headlines (a decision that already shows its effect in the evident boredom of reporters assigned to cover him). Under his campaign franchise, Lodge sticks to foreign policy, though as the campaign proceeds he expects to broaden out, by relating domestic issues such as farm surpluses and civil rights to foreign policy.

In carrying out his campaign tasks, Lodge will be referring frequently to a carefully guarded loose-leaf notebook that he calls his "nugget book." A reader of many books, especially histories, biographies and works on current national or international problems, Lodge has made a practice over the years of filing notes on his reading on two-by-three cards. After the convention, he selected some 200 items, had them photostated, and arranged them into his nugget book. Included in it are quotations from men as varied as Churchill, De Gaulle, Lincoln, Asoka (early apostle of Buddhism), Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Milton, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and Will Rogers, as well as some stray doggerel that happens to appeal.

Sense of Unreality. When he was beaten by Jack Kennedy in 1952, Cabot Lodge thought his political career over for good. He still has a slight sense of unreality about suddenly being very much back in politics, running for Vice President of the U.S. "It's a very strange feeling," he said at the start of his campaign tour. "I haven't gotten used to it."

By last week, as he met with cheers, applause and eager handshakes at one campaign stop after another, Candidate Lodge was obviously getting used to running for Vice President, and was plainly an asset to the Republican ticket. It may be that he will help it enough to get even with the man who defeated him in 1952.

* Episcopalians Lodge's Roman Catholic grandsons are the children of his son Henry, an electronics sales executive, whose wife is a Roman Catholic. The Episcopal grandsons are children of Assistant Secretary of Labor George Lodge.

POLITICAL NOTES

Bad Day for Incumbents

As Foster Furcolo, Massachusetts' two-term Democratic Governor, was edging his way through the crowded lobby of Boston's Sheraton-Plaza Hotel with campaigning Lyndon Johnson fortnight ago, a Boston postman hailed him in friendly fashion. Cried he, loud and clear: "Hiya, Governor! Ya dope!" That evening when Furcolo appeared on a rally platform with Johnson, Furcolo got a hearty round of boos. Clearly, something was amiss in Democratic Boston. Indeed, for hapless Foster Furcolo, something was amiss all over his state, and last week it was amiss



Associated Press
MASSACHUSETTS' O'CONNOR
Fumble recovered.

by a mile: Furcolo, 49, running in the primaries for the Democratic senatorial nomination, got trounced, bounced, stomped and whomped by 35-year-old, crew-cut Springfield Mayor Thomas J. O'Connor Jr. In Boston alone, Furcolo lost by a staggering 10,000 votes.

The Governor's defeat came from a combination of Tom O'Connor's razzle-dazzle campaign and Furcolo's own shabby record. Despite his party's longtime pledge against a state sales tax, Furcolo had repeatedly tried to get one passed. He feuded endlessly with the Democratic legislative majority, got into whiffing distance of a scandal involving an appointee to Massachusetts' Metropolitan District Commission. Jack Kennedy had refused to endorse him in Furcolo's unsuccessful 1954 senatorial race against Republican Leverett Saltonstall, and this time studiously avoided endorsing either Democrat in the primary.

Fleet-footed Tom O'Connor left nothing to chance. One of seven children of a milkman, O'Connor grew up in Springfield's "Hungry Hill" section, has battled

his way through politics ever since he ran for (and won) the presidency of his junior high school student government. After Georgetown law school (1951), he served in the legislature for three terms, then beat a twelve-year incumbent in the Springfield mayoralty elections, carrying every precinct in the city for the first time in history. As mayor, he put through a dynamic modernization and urban renewal program, reduced the tax rate. Billing himself as "Springfield's Great Young Mayor," O'Connor showed himself over and over again on TV and in the papers with the slogan "Fight Furcolo Fumbling," argued that only a vigorous, forward-looking candidate such as himself could beat Saltonstall. Last week Lev Saltonstall, 68, incumbent of 16 years, was beginning to run scared.

Other footprints on last week's primary trail:

¶ In Washington, back-slapping Democratic Governor Albert Rosellini won re-nomination for a second term against lackluster opposition, though he ran far behind other state officials, all from his own party. Winner of the G.O.P. nomination was the man who might be able to turn Al ("The Rose") Rosellini out of office: Spokane Orchard Owner Lloyd J. Andrews, 40, the state superintendent of public instruction.

¶ In Minnesota, the powerful Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party got a jolt when the Republicans came through with a promised show of strength which they hope will unseat Hubert Humphrey's sidekick, Governor Orville Freeman, in November. Nominated for the Republican gubernatorial ticket was Elmer L. Andersen, 51, St. Paul civic leader, state senator and glue company president. Teetotaling, nonsmoking Andersen campaigned hard into Freeman territory and racked up a remarkable vote: 253,000 v. Governor Freeman's 234,000. In Minnesota's Ninth District, D.F.L.'s Coya Knutson, who served two congressional terms (1955-58) and then lost after the famed "Coya, come home" letter written by her unhappy husband Andy, made a comeback by winning the D.F.L. nomination over D.F.L.-endorsed State Senator Roy Wiseth.

¶ In New Hampshire, Republican Governor Wesley Powell, 44, came a headspan from defeat for renomination, beating former Governor (1953-55) Hugh Gregg, 42, by 959 votes. Where once a G.O.P. nomination in New Hampshire was a sure guarantee of election, Powell's close vote and the unhealed G.O.P. wounds will give Powell an uphill fight in November against Democrat Bernard Boutin, a Jack Kennedy protégé.

¶ In Vermont, Republican Governor Robert T. Stafford, 47 (who won in 1958 by only 719 votes), clobbered three fellow Republicans for the honor of running in the House race against Congressman William H. Meyer, 45, the first Vermont Democrat in more than a century to win statewide office. Governor Stafford's 31,000 votes were more than the total of his three opponents combined, and an ominous sign for Meyer in November.

The Fluid Vote

"In no election in at least 25 years has sentiment been so closely divided or opinion so fluid," So wrote Dr. George Gallup last week after taking his third poll of the presidential campaign. For the first time since the conventions, Kennedy took the lead, if a slight one. Asked which candidate they favor or "lean" toward favoring, 48% of the voters chose Kennedy, 47% Nixon. Only 5% were undecided (a percentage considered too low by both candidates). In Gallup's first poll, immediately after the Republican Convention, Nixon led Kennedy 50% to 44%. In the second poll the two were tied with 47%.

On issues, the Republicans lead 3-to-2 as the party more likely to keep the U.S. out of World War III. But the Democrats are favored 4-to-3 to arrest a declining domestic economy.

Johnny Up the Poll

While others were noisily campaigning across the nation last week, the Northern Cheyenne Indian tribe quietly held an election of its own in the rolling lands and rough mountains of Montana. Among the victors: Johnny Woodenlegs of Lame Deer, Mont., re-elected President; John Stands in the Timber, John Kills on Top Sr., August Spotted Elk, William Hollowbreast, Clarence Spotted Wolf, members of the tribal council.

WOMEN

Devil-May-Care Chic

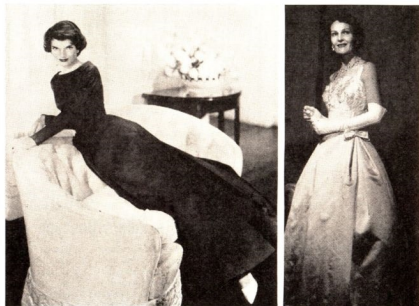
The word got out when a gaggle of fashion reporters scissored into Jacqueline Kennedy's Waldorf-Astoria suite in Manhattan to gab about clothes and to see her try on some new maternity dresses (\$30 to \$40 apiece). Jackie, they discovered, was upset about a New York Times Sunday Magazine story reporting that many women are disturbed over her "devil-may-care chic." A housewife, said the Times, sniffed that Jackie "looks too damn snappy." The Times also went on to lift a story from *Women's Wear Daily*, which reported that Jackie spends about \$30,000 a year for togs at famous Parisian houses, such as Cardin, Grès, Balenciaga, Chanel, Givenchy. She buys avant-garde models, added *Women's Wear* breathlessly, and most of the big designers keep a Jacqueline Kennedy fashion dummy close by for fittings.

"They're beginning to snipe at me about as often as they attack Jack on Catholicism," said Jackie, who also gets mail criticizing her for her "floor mop" hairdo. "I think it's dreadfully unfair." That \$30,000 figure was dreadfully unfair, too, said she. "I never buy more than one suit or coat from Balenciaga and Givenchy. I couldn't spend that much unless I wore sable underwear." Then came what is generally called the woman's touch. Said Jackie: "I'm sure I spend less than Mrs. Nixon on clothes. She gets hers at Elizabeth Arden, and nothing there costs less than \$200 or \$300."

It turned out that Pat Nixon, who also

dresses well, does buy clothes sometimes at high-priced Elizabeth Arden's, but didn't want to be misunderstood about it. Count Ferdinando Sarmi (\$500 to over \$1,000), who designed Pat's inaugural gown while he was with Elizabeth Arden, explained that "Miss Arden is very Republican," and that she had sold at least one gown to Pat for cost.* Tracked down at Atlantic City, Pat Nixon, who was wearing a turquoise wool jersey dress (Lord & Taylor, "about \$49"), replied coolly to questions from newsmen: "I have no comment on what Mrs. Kennedy wears or says." Then she commented anyhow: "I don't criticize other women, and I never have. I buy my clothes off the racks of various

4 in., 230 lbs.) frame never seemed to stop swelling with rage when he uncoiled from behind a desk to bawl out some wilting subordinate. But last week the spit-and-polish admiral (Annapolis '24) was as subdued as a brand new swab jockey hauled up before his first Captain's Mast. Erdmann had barely settled down in his Marin County, Calif. home to enjoy his retirement from the Navy when a federal grand jury indicted him for smuggling. The charge: Erdmann, when relieved as Commander of Naval Forces in the Marianas, had packed home 100 gallons of tax-free liquor aboard the carrier *Bon Homme Richard*, listing the bottled goods as a bundle of tables, car-



Jackie Kennedy in something simple & Pat Nixon in inaugural ball gown (1957)
Not unless the underwear was sable.

stores around Washington and, sometimes, in New York." Pressed further, she provided a distaff version of one of the week's most popular political lines: "I don't think clothes are an issue."

ARMED FORCES

The Big E

Spent Admiral William L. Erdmann rear 36 years in the U.S. Navy building a reputation as a hard-nosed officer with a magnificent temper and a monumental self-confidence. From Coronado (where the enlisted men's beach was named Erdmann Beach) to Guam (where he stirred up a superb row by refusing to supply the Governor with side boys) he was known as "The Big E."† His strapping (6 ft.

ings, peacock chairs and fishnet floats. Said the admiral manfully: "The main point is I did it, I was caught, and I regret it very much."

Revenue agents caught wind of the cargo from customs men, began to snoop around the admiral's Marin County home. Armed with a search warrant, they raided a locked room behind the admiral's bar, found 316 bottles ranging from rare old Scotch to rich liqueurs and Greek brandy. Erdmann had paid \$760 for the entire supply; Treasury agents said it was worth \$4,400 retail.

Admiral Erdmann, said his lawyer, is prepared to pay the tax that is due on the whisky. He had never intended to sell the stuff anyway. It was all for his own personal use. Navy rumor had it that the case had been turned over to civilian authorities on the theory that punishment would be stiffer than that handed out by a Navy court martial. Many who had served with The Big E were waiting anxiously for his day in court. Meanwhile, the irreverent U.S. Navy began to call Erdmann Beach by a new name: Smuggler's Cove.

* The Vice President of the U.S., however, is no longer in the lower-income bracket. He gets \$35,000 a year salary, up to \$10,000 in tax-free expenses and a Cadillac and chauffeur.

† A nickname more appropriately used for the durable aircraft carrier *Enterprise*.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

Crowded Decks

Like a mountain village in the path of a gathering avalanche, the world helplessly awaited the approach of one of the least promising international conclave in history. In all probability, the results would show that seldom have so many traveled so far for so little in terms of progress achieved.

But as the *Baltika* steamed ever closer to its East River dock with Nikita Khrushchev and his satellite clique, the prospect of the greatest diplomatic spectacle ever proved almost irresistible. Already, 26 heads of government, either in name or fact, were publicly committed to attend this week's U.N. General Assembly meeting. And when Washington announced that President Eisenhower planned to speak to the Assembly (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), other heads of state began to get itchy feet. India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who had originally been minded to stay away, now seemed likely to come. So did Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba. Even Britain's Harold Macmillan was aching to

come—despite advice to the contrary from his own Foreign Office. And if Macmillan showed up in New York, so would Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. Only Charles de Gaulle, who dislikes what he refers to as the "so-called United Nations," seemed totally immune to temptation.

Playing Blocs. The fact that so many heads of government wanted to get in on the act following Khrushchev's original lead was by no means a sign that he could count on their support at the U.N. The only General Assembly votes Khrushchev could be utterly sure of were those of the Soviet satellites (see box), plus that of Cuba's ineffable Fidel Castro—who was put into his proper slot by a State Department decision to restrict him to Manhattan Island along with Khrushchev, Hungary's Janos Kadar and Albania's Mehmet Shehu.

Some of the visitors, in fact, were coming with the express purpose of countering Khrushchev's gambit. Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito boarded the *Queen Elizabeth* for New York only after he and his fellow neutralist, President Nasser of

Egypt, had jointly decided that the U.N. meeting offered an opportunity to promote their dream of a worldwide bloc of nations uncommitted to either East or West. Others were coming out of national pride: for the leaders of nine new African nations* of the French community, the lure was a chance to preside at their countries' U.N. debut—and, judging from hints out of Washington, to meet Dwight Eisenhower. Ghana's U.S.-educated President Kwame Nkrumah was coming to advance his own claims to leadership of all the Africans.

Targets of Opportunity. In capitals throughout the West, Soviet diplomats and sympathizers carefully dropped hints that Nikita planned all sorts of diplomatic spectacles ranging from a call for "complete, universal and immediate" disarmament down to a proposal for the elimination of all means of delivering nuclear warheads—an idea that is espoused by France's Charles de Gaulle and which,

* Gabon, Chad, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Malagasy Republic, Congo Republic, Central African Republic, and Niger.

KHRUSHCHEV'S ROGUES' GALLERY

Six Satellite Rulers Descend on New York

TO applaud his speeches, second his motions and demonstrate "the unity of the Socialist camp," Nikita Khrushchev brings to New York this week six captive chieftains from the Bleak Lands of Double Think. The men Khrushchev chose to accompany him to the U.N. are the ones who wield real power in Russia's European satellites—though only two hold formal government offices. Of the satellite bosses, only East Germany's Walter Ulbricht is missing; he had to be left behind because his nation does not belong to the U.N. For the West, their arrival is a rare opportunity for firsthand inspection of the ruthless survival experts who rule 79,633 million enslaved Eastern Europeans. The roll call:

Albania. Premier *Mehmet Shehu* (pronounced Shay-who) is a 47-year-old soldier who won his military spurs in the Red-led Garibaldi Brigade during the Spanish Civil War, got his final polishing at Moscow's Voroshilov Military Academy. The son of a mullah, Shehu is the only satellite leader who speaks English, which he learned during childhood studies at Tirana's American Vocational School. Despite his soft speech and crisp good grooming, Shehu is known as the "Butcher of Albania" for his bloody suppression of anti-Communists as boss of Albania's secret police; at a 1950 meeting of the Albanian Cabinet, he reportedly shot an argumentative colleague dead over the conference table. His chief political stock in trade is his implacable hatred of Yugoslavia. Since Moscow's latest falling-out with Tito, this has apparently led Khrushchev to favor Shehu over Albania's First Party Secretary Enver Hoxha.

Bulgaria. Though he holds no official government job, *Todor Zhivkov*, First Secretary of Bulgaria's Communist Party, considers himself the Bulgarian Khrushchev and, like his hero, is fond of making trips into the countryside to pose as the peasants' folksy friend. In Zhivkov's case, the effect is diminished by monotone oratory and a repugnant personality. A onetime printer and World War II partisan leader, chunky Todor Zhivkov, 49, is cold, humorless and conceited. Under his leadership,

Bulgaria has become the only European satellite which has successfully herded virtually all its peasants onto collective farms; it is also one of the few countries in the world that possesses fewer cattle now than in 1935. But in Khrushchev's eyes, Zhivkov's unquestioning loyalty to Moscow apparently makes up for his notorious lack of intelligence.

Czechoslovakia. Efficient, unimaginative President *Antonin Novotny*, 55, recalls Lenin's famous wisecrack about Molotov—"the best file clerk in the country." One of the two satellite leaders who are simultaneously head of state and Communist Party boss (the other: East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who became head of state last week), Novotny is a chronic tubercular of morose disposition. Trained as a locksmith, he joined the Communist Party at 17, spent much of World War II in Nazi Germany's Mauthausen concentration camp. Under his heavy hand, Czechs have benefited less than any other satellite people from international Communism's post-Stalinist "liberalization." Even in 1956, when destalinization was at its height, Novotny stubbornly refused to rehabilitate the memory of former Czech Communist Leader Rudolf Slansky, whose 1952 execution was largely Novotny's work. Though he admitted that the charges of Titoism and "Jewish cosmopolitanism" which had been used to destroy Slansky were "false and fabricated," Novotny ingeniously argued that Slansky deserved hanging anyway for torturing political prisoners.

SHEHU

ZHIVKOV

NOVOTNY



therefore, Khrushchev might invoke in hopes of dividing the Western allies.

Behind all the Soviet muscle flexing and the Western counterplanning lay a common awareness that at the General Assembly Khrushchev, either as wrecker or as propagandist, will be presented with a dazzling variety of targets of opportunity. Among the predictable targets:

Disarmament—almost a must, but if this is all Khrushchev has to talk about, it will be a sign that he hasn't much fresh to offer. It was he who broke up the last disarmament session.

U.S. "Aggressiveness"—the assembled heads of state will certainly be treated to a thorough discussion of the U-2, the RB-47 and NSA's code breaking. With help from Cuba's Fidel Castro, the specter of "Yanqui imperialism" will be raised for the consideration of Latin American nations.

Berlin—talked about, perhaps, but no major action, unless Khrushchev really is ready for big trouble.

The Congo—Khrushchev, all out to win the support of struggling new nations, will indicate that he can help them more against the colonialists than anybody, including Red China's Mao Tse-tung.

U.N. Membership for Red China—piously proposed but not pushed, letting all



TITO BIDDING GOODBYE TO WIFE
To counter an old foe's gambit.

observe that Mao Tse-tung is still not admitted into the world's top circles.

Sour Note. But Khrushchev is not arriving in New York in the triumph he may have anticipated. Even as he prepared to land at Manhattan's Pier 73, his Communist "technicians" were being ordered out of the Congo, the country which Moscow had hoped to convert into

its first African satellite. And in the U.N., Russia's massive drive to discredit Dag Hammarskjöld over the Congo was likely to make the atmosphere inside the air-conditioned U.N. building as cool as the U.S. territory outside.

CONGO

The U.N. Under Fire

Perched on observers' chairs off to one side of the high-ceilinged hall that houses the U.N. Security Council, two rival delegations from the Congo last week waited eagerly to see which would be recognized by the U.N. as the legitimate voice of the Congolese government. In the end, as if talking over the heads of the Congolese, the Council decided to hear neither. For almost overnight the primary concern of the Security Council had shifted from the intricacies of Congolese politics to a crucial debate on the competence and authority of the U.N. itself.

The subject was the Congo, but the issue was whether the U.N. could hold the new ground it had staked out as an international midwife of newly born nations, or whether it should subside into the role of a debating society.

The challenge to the U.N.'s new role came from Soviet Deputy Foreign Min-

Hungary. Janos Kadar (pronounced Kah-dahr), 48, is a brusque, ill-educated peasant's son who specializes in betrayals. A member of Hungary's Communist resistance during World War II, Kadar escaped death at Nazi hands only because the wife of his close friend Lázlo Rajk refused to disclose his whereabouts even under Nazi torture. In 1949 Rajk was jailed for Titoism. Kadar, then head of Red Hungary's sadistic secret police, talked his old friend into making a false confession by promising to save his life. Then he personally signed the order for Rajk's execution. A few years later, Kadar himself was charged with Titoism and thrown into one of his own prisons—where his former subordinates softened him up by pulling out his fingernails. Released by Hungary's then Premier Imre Nagy, Kadar showed his gratitude by joining Nagy's government at the beginning of the 1956 Hungarian revolution—and, after ten days, deserting to the Russians. When the Russians rewarded him by installing him as Premier, Kadar swore to grant an amnesty to all who had fought in the revolution. Predictably, he kept his vows by ordering a wave of summary executions passed in 1958 by that of Imre Nagy, to whom Kadar had personally promised immunity. Kadar still runs Hungary for the Russians, though he resigned the premiership almost two years ago, is now officially only First Party Secretary. Khrushchev's apparent purpose in bringing this model Communist careerist to New York: to win for Kadar the aura of legitimacy which the Hungarian people refuse to grant him.

Poland. Władysław Gomułka, 54, is the only satellite leader ever to face down Khrushchev and the ruler of the only Warsaw Pact nation to accept U.S. aid. A "home-grown Communist," who is alive today only because he was in a Polish jail

in 1937 when Stalin liquidated the rest of Poland's Communist leadership, Gomułka is an irascible, puritanical man who hates conviviality and chitchat; he has strictly forbidden his aides to publicize his private life—which is largely given over to swimming, volleyball and his Russian-Jewish wife Zofia. Like Hungary's Kadar, Gomułka was arrested in 1951 for Titoism, but unlike Kadar he refused to crack despite three years' confinement. Reinstated as First Party Secretary in Poland's near revolution in 1956, he defied Khrushchev's threat to turn Soviet troops loose on Warsaw and granted his people considerable economic and social freedom. But as Poland's deep economic difficulties and bitter church-state conflict showed no signs of solution, his natural crotchiness and distrust of "liberals" reasserted itself. (Says one of his associates: "Asking Gomułka to be reasonable and listen to advice is like asking a bear to be good-natured.") Bit by bit, the liberties of Poland's people have been curtailed, and the world has learned that though Władysław Gomułka may be a Polish patriot, he is, above all, a dedicated Communist.

Romania. Along with Gomułka, Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej (pronounced Ghee-or-ghee-you-DAYGE) is one of the rare satellite leaders to enjoy some degree of genuine popularity in his own country. A small-town boy from Moldavia whose education stopped with elementary school, Gheorghiu-Dej, 58, began his real schooling when he was jailed in 1933 for organizing a bloody railway strike near Bucharest. After eleven years in prisons and work camps, he was allowed to escape in 1944, as a gesture to the advancing Red army, began rising rapidly through Rumania's Communist hierarchy. (To distinguish himself from the rest of the Gheorghius, who are as common in Rumania as Smiths in the U.S., he took the added name "Dej," in honor of one of the many towns in which he had served time.) Since 1952, when he ousted the unlovely Ana Pauker, Gheorghiu-Dej has ruled Rumania without challenge, first as Premier and currently as First Party Secretary. Slow and obstinate in his mental processes, Gheorghiu-Dej is frequently mocked by Rumanians for his ignorance. But, at bottom, his cynical, pleasure-loving countrymen are proud of the fact that Gheorghiu-Dej, alone among the satellite bosses, is famed as a heavy-spending *bon vivant* and lady killer.



ister Valerian Zorin who launched into a 75-minute attack on Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld and his conduct of the U.N.'s Congo forces. "The U.N. command and the Secretary-General in person," cried Zorin, "ignore the lawful government of the Congo. They do not merely fail to help the government, but attempt to discredit it. They try to impede in every way the implementation of measures which the government is taking to restore order and normalcy in the country. They try to assist the countries of NATO and the U.S. in particular . . . in their imperialist designs in Africa."

Zorin ended by demanding what amounted to a vote of censure of Hammarskjöld and a directive sharply restricting his authority in the Congo. Dag Hammarskjöld's usually impassive face flushed with anger. "My record is on the table," he said. "I stand by it . . . The U.N. is engaged in a major effort to give life and substance to the independence of the

cover for Soviet penetration of the new nation. If he fell, the Kremlin would have little hope of continuing the flow of Russian planes, matériel and military personnel with which, charged Wadsworth, Moscow hoped to establish "a Soviet satellite state in the heart of Africa."

To rebuff the Soviet challenge to Hammarskjöld's Congo policy, Wadsworth proposed a forthright resolution that would bar any state from sending military supplies into the Congo except through the U.N. Toward 1 o'clock one morning last week, a modified version of Wadsworth's resolution, presented by Ceylon and Tunisia, was put to the vote. Stubbornly calling for outright repudiation of Hammarskjöld's acts, Zorin cast Russia's 96th veto in the Security Council. Wadsworth immediately called for an emergency General Assembly meeting under the "Uniting for Peace" rule, which permits the Assembly to take over vital issues that have been stalled in the Security Council.

After the Blast. There was a strong probability that Zorin, by his very aggressiveness, had blundered badly. The U.N., in its efforts to save the Congo from total collapse, had indeed moved closer and closer to assuming an unofficial mandate over the country, raising nagging doubts in the minds of some African neighbors and among others as well as to the legal consequences of the U.N.'s authority over the Congo. Fortnight ago, Ghana's President Nkrumah, justifiably suspicious that the U.N. was not working overtime to keep Lumumba in power, threatened to pull Ghanaian forces out of the U.N.'s Congo command. After all, the U.N. was in the Congo at the specific request of Lumumba. Inevitably, some African leaders who thoroughly disliked Lumumba saw any form of outside intervention as the hated shadow of "colonialism," or as a future threat to the uncontrolled use of their own sovereignty.

Before Zorin's blast, the Africans might have felt free to express these doubts publicly and to condemn the consequences of Hammarskjöld's Congo program as imprudent and improper. Many Africans would have been happy to have Khrushchev for a friend in their battle against colonialism.

But it was something else again to have him attacking the U.N. itself, the only place in the world where their voices were heard and their influence felt. Thanks to Hammarskjöld's scrupulous insistence on using African, and not big-power, troops wherever possible in the Congo, the Africans recognized that the U.N. so far has kept the Congo from becoming, as Spain had once been, the hapless cockpit for a battle between giant powers. Put that way, most Africans were inclined to choose the U.N.

Third Man Up

In the courtyards of the Czech and Soviet embassies in Léopoldville, documents burned by night, and workers nailed covers on big wooden crates. In the Red Chinese mission, clothes were hastily crammed into suitcases. Then Communism's Congo

corps of diplomats, "technicians" and correspondents rolled in melancholy procession to the Léopoldville airport and there boarded Ilyushins for home, expelled on orders from the Congo's latest government. Snapped one Russian diplomat: "We'll be back." But at least for the moment, the Russians' chief ally in the Congo, demagogic Premier Patrice Lumumba, had lost his grip on power—and with him had crumbled the Russians' promising foothold.

Unlikely Strongman. The Congo's newest emergent leader is Joseph Désiré Mobutu, a 29-year-old lieutenant colonel whom even most Congolese had never heard of until he announced his military coup at midweek. "We are bringing a truce to politics until the end of the year," he declared. "During this revolutionary period, we will try to achieve a political agreement between the factions."

Constitutionally, the Congo was a worse shambles than ever. There were now three



RUSSIA'S ZORIN
The attack went wrong.

Congo. No misunderstandings, no misinformation, no misinterpretations of the actions of the U.N. should be permitted to hamper an operation the importance of which, I know, is fully appreciated by all those African countries which, with great efforts of their own, support the work of the U.N. in the Congo."

Only Alternative. Springing to Dag Hammarskjöld's defense, newly installed U.S. Delegate James Wadsworth (Cahot Lodge's successor) boomed: "U.S. policy in the Congo is simple. We support the U.N. wholeheartedly. We consider it the only satisfactory alternative to chaos, war and intervention." Bluntly, Wadsworth ticked off what he said were the real reasons for Soviet rage at Hammarskjöld. By closing the Congo's airports and taking over the radio stations, the U.N. had weakened Premier Patrice Lumumba, whom Moscow had hoped to use as a



U.N.'s HAMMARSKJÖLD
The ground was held.

governments instead of two—Mobutu's, Lumumba's and moderate President Joseph Kasavubu's. But in the 3,000-man Léopoldville garrison of the Congolese army, Mobutu had at least temporarily enough firepower to make his orders stick. This was a detail that both Lumumba and Kasavubu had overlooked. Both had always been happy when they could line up enough loyal soldiers to form a personal honor guard.

Forlorn Forays. The week began with comic-opera flourishes. First, Lumumba rounded up two truckloads of soldiers and roared off to Radio Congo in the apparent belief that with a microphone in his hand he could conquer the world. But the United Nations had closed the station to inflammatory broadcasts, and Ghanaian soldiers guarded it with fixed bayonets. "If you try to use force," warned the lieutenant in charge, "I'll have to

shoot." Then he turned to Lumumba's trusted aide, General Victor Lundula, and added: "The first shot will be for you." General Lundula advised retreat.

President Kasavubu's counter-interventions were no more effective. Rallying a small troop of loyal soldiers, he sent them off to capture his rival Lumumba. The troop took Lumumba by surprise, bundled him into his own official black Ford and drove him off to a prison cell at Camp Leopold II. But less than two hours later, General Lundula convinced the guards that he had orders to transfer Lumumba to another prison. Once beyond the gates, Lumumba located 40 friendly soldiers and rolled back downtown, with sirens screaming, shouting, "Today victory is mine. Death to the imperialists!" Once again he headed for Radio Congo. Once again his path was barred, this time by Ghana's proper, British-trained Lieut. Colonel Nathan Aferi. Roared Lumumba in impotent rage: "Let me pass, you black, imperialist bushman!"

Rebuffed by the U.N., Lumumba next turned to his Parliament, where the response was weary at best. Said one Senator: "Since the Belgians are supporting Kasavubu and the Russians are backing Lumumba, let's call the whole thing off." The Premier could muster only 93 members for a joint session (minimum quorum: 109), but Lumumba's Speaker of the House solved that problem by arbitrarily declaring that henceforth only 69 members would be required. With that question solved, Lumumba asked for and got "full powers" to run the Congo as he pleased. Only three members abstained, one of them explaining that he thought Lumumba might use his special powers to dissolve Parliament, and "I would lose a good job."

The Coup. Then Colonel Mobutu showed how little the parliamentary maneuvering mattered. A quiet, bowlegged, somewhat plodding young man from Equator province, Mobutu once did a seven-year stretch in the Congo army, where he worked chiefly as a headquarters bookkeeper, and rose to the rank of sergeant. Later he worked as a journalist in Leopoldville and Brussels, struggled to acquire the rudiments of an education, and became Lumumba's Brussels agent. After independence, Lumumba rewarded Mobutu with a commission, made him chief of staff under Lundula. Unlike most of the new army officers, Mobutu worked at his job. Like his soldiers, he grew angry at Lumumba's whimsical use of the military, disgusted at the Lumumba-provoked civil war in the interior. Mobutu became a frequent visitor to the U.S. embassy and held long talks with officials there.

One afternoon last week, Mobutu conferred with officers at Camp Leopold, and got their cheering support. That night he went to Radio Congo and abruptly announced that the army was taking over.

Colonel Mobutu left no doubt about which side of the cold war he had joined. "Russia sent us vehicles, planes and seven technicians who were with me in Camp Leopold," he declared. "Ten days ago I



MOBUTU

How many did he speak for?

discovered that these technicians were Russian officers disguised as civilians. They had brought with them tons of pamphlets and posters which they had distributed through camp without my or my government's approval. I have expelled them all." An observer from the U.S. embassy whispered: "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Kill Him!" How much of the Congolese army did Mobutu speak for? Lumumba rolled out to Camp Leopold that same night to test this point—and got the shock of his career. He found himself surrounded by screaming soldiers, who also happened to be Baluba tribesmen outraged at the army massacres in the inland Baluba country (TIME, Sept. 19).



LUMUMBA

How little the maneuvering mattered.

"Kill him! Kill him!" they cried. Lumumba tried to buy them off, offering them 200 francs (\$4) each if they would go to Kasavubu's residence and kill him. The offer only increased the soldiers' rage, and Lumumba ducked to safety in General Lundula's house for the night.

Next morning the rampaging soldiers found Lumumba in an officers' mess. All that saved his life was the protection of the same Ghanaian troops that Lumumba himself had ordered to leave the country only a week before. One Congolese charged the building with a hand grenade, another with a Sten gun, but the Ghanaians turned them back at bayonet point. "Lumumba must die!" the crowd shouted. "He made us kill our brothers!" For nine hours Lumumba cowered inside, first in a laundry closet and then in a bedroom, while Lundula hid out in a vegetable bin.

After nightfall, Mobutu organized a dependable detachment of military police into a flying wedge and hustled Lumumba through the milling soldiers to an army truck. But along the way, Congolese reached past the guards to kick and spit on Lumumba and rip his flapping white sports shirt to shreds. As Lumumba rode off, General Lundula sneaked out the back way aquiver with fear, and with all insignia of rank carefully removed. At Lumumba's official residence, Ghanaian troops put the Premier under heavy guard. Next day, Mobutu's men raided Lumumba's headquarters, arrested 26 staff members plus a stray Senator, drove them off and locked them up in a hangar at an old airport outside town.

Chaos Ahead. Mobutu's coup seemed to be proceeding smoothly. He closed the cable office to wires by politicians of whatever stripe. He told Parliament to take a vacation for the rest of the year, and when the Deputies tried to meet anyway, his troops barred the doors and turned them away. There was even a good chance that Mobutu could get along with Kasavubu and with Katanga province's Moise Tshombe, an anti-Communist who last week said he had not even "dreamed" of seceding from the Congo until forced to by Lumumba's "dictatorship."

But it was too soon to proclaim an end to chaos. In secessionist Katanga, Baluba tribesmen rose in bloody revolt in the tin-mining town of Manono after police broke up a demonstration by tossing a hand grenade that killed two tribesmen. Anointed by a witch doctor with a potion that supposedly made them immune to bullets, the Balubas fearlessly charged a police barricade, hurling spears, shooting arrows, firing old muzzle-loaders filled with nuts and bolts. Police fire cut down 35 Balubas, while two police were killed.

No one knew the allegiance of the 22,000 Congolese soldiers outside Leopoldville. Many of them were doubtless prepared to rally around Lumumba, and at week's end, despite his Ghanaian guard, Lumumba mysteriously slipped into hiding.

A united—or peacefully federated—Congo seemed as far away as ever. But at least the chief troublemaker had taken a mighty tumble.

RED CHINA

The Big Hello

Gongs clanged and drums rumbled. Chief of State Liu Shao-chi and Premier Chou En-lai were on hand at the airport. On the trip into the city, a roaring crowd of half a million (said the Red radio) tossed flower petals. Lampposts were festooned with bunting, and at Peking's Gate of Heavenly Peace colored balloons floated skyward trailing slogans of greetings. It was just about the biggest and gaudiest welcome Peking had organized for any visitor ever—including the 1959 one for Nikita Khrushchev.

The object of this lavish enthusiasm was Sékou Touré, 38, the neutralist President of an obscure little West African nation that has been independent for scarcely two years. But in the scramble for influence in the emergent new nations of Africa, the Red Chinese were determined not to be outdone by the Russians. In Moscow, Nikita Khrushchev had given Touré a new trade agreement and a massive palace for his embassy. But in Peking, every crowd was a little bigger, every rally a little noisier.

Under left-leaning Touré, Guinea is Communism's first solid foothold on the vast African continent. But the stakes are far greater than Guinea; China was bidding for influence in all of Africa's disintegrating colonial empires. If Touré went away properly impressed, he could be counted on to pass the word to the leaders of Africa's other new and needy nations. Cried Peking's Mayor Peng Chen: "U.S. imperialism is the most vicious enemy of the national independence movement in Africa. Imperialism remains imperialism, just as the jackal remains a jackal." Replied Touré: "Our friend, the mayor of Peking, is absolutely right in describing imperialism as a wolf which changes its clothing as it wishes . . . but it can never change its nature, that is its actions toward sheep, above all when they are not united."

Touré was happy to accept Peking's offer of a \$25 million, no-interest loan. But, already adept at the begging bowl, he was careful not to join in the open attacks on the U.S., or to mention any other Western nation by name when deploring imperialism. To do so would destroy the chance of winning a bit of Western aid to supplement and offset the swag he had picked up from the eager Communists.

RUSSIA

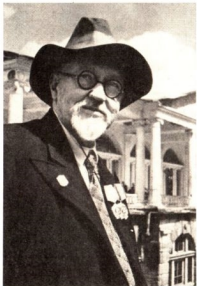
Knocking the Stuffings Out

Western economists have looked with suspicion on Nikita Khrushchev's juggling of statistics to prove that the Soviet economy is fast overhauling the U.S. Last week their suspicions were confirmed by an unexpected source: Soviet Economist Stanislav Gustavovich Strumilin.

At 83, Strumilin is the dean of Soviet economists. He wrote the first drafts of the first of all Five-Year Plans and was a leading spokesman in the Communist cam-

paign that launched Soviet Russia on the path to rapid industrialization in 1928. Of all the pioneer planners, Strumilin alone lived through all purges and party-line changes, and in his old age he enjoys an eminence that within limits enables him sometimes to take a relatively independent course.

How to Count. Last week a newly published volume of Strumilin's collected essays arrived in Washington. In one hitherto unprinted essay on the technical topic of "Investment Effectiveness," Strumilin admits what Western experts have long suspected: official Soviet figures on industrial growth are unreliable because of "double counting." That is to say, in computing overall industrial output the Russians count the value of sheet steel, for



ECONOMIST STRUMILIN (1945)
Down for the double count.

instance, over and over—first when it emerges from the steel mill and again in computing the total value of the truck or other product made from it. "Growth of gross output purposely exaggerates the real rate of growth," says Strumilin. The only reliable way to determine the effectiveness of investment is in terms of net industrial growth—i.e., by counting the steel plate for the truck just once. This, though Strumilin did not say so, is how total output is computed in the U.S.

The old scholar then proceeds to drop all the double counting out of Soviet output from 1928 on and after somewhat sketchy calculations sets his own revised growth figures. The Soviet habit of multiple counting, he finds, has grown rather than abated over the years. By Academician Strumilin's tables, Soviet industrial output grew threefold between 1945 and 1956, not fourfold as official figures state. And net growth from 1955 to 1956 was not 11% but 8%.

Double Purpose. While most Western specialists were happy to have a Russian confirmation of their suspicions, Harvard's

Professor Abram Bergson did not think Strumilin went far enough and called his calculations "dubious." A new set of production tables compiled by the Rand Corp. show that from 1928 to 1956 the Soviet economy grew by 633%, or less than half as much as even Strumilin's revised figure.

How did Strumilin get away with as much as he did? Perhaps the censor nodded or was in over his head. But Washington specialists think that Russian economists may be at last facing up to a hard reality: doctored statistics can serve Khrushchev's propaganda bragging only up to a point; then they must be corrected, or they will lead Khrushchev's planners into costly errors in allocating scarce resources.

SOUTH AFRICA

Out Goes the Bishop

Until last spring, South Africa's Nationalist government considered Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg Richard Ambrose Reeves just another irritating and ineffective critic. But when the police guns mowed down hundreds of unarmed blacks at Sharpeville in March, Bishop Reeves rushed to the hospital to interview the wounded and inspect the dead, publicly announced he had evidence that many had been shot in the back, even accused the cops of using dum dum bullets. The government decided that Bishop Reeves had become a threat to its security. Tipped off that his arrest was imminent, the bishop slipped away to England² to tell his story rather than be silenced by the walls of a jail.

Last week, anxious to resume his work and stung by whispers that he should not have fled, Ambrose Reeves flew back to South Africa, declaring, "I am back for good!" But he had not counted on Premier Hendrik Verwoerd's determination to put down critics he found troublesome, even if the critic was a bishop. Forty-two hours after Bishop Reeves landed, detectives, led by the chief of the special branch, showed up at his simple room in the Priory of St. Benedict and handed him a deportation order signed by the Minister of Interior. He was given half an hour to pack. Reeves was assured that he could consult a lawyer before departing, but before his aides could get through to one, the bishop was on his way to the airport, where a South African Airways plane was due to leave for London within a few minutes. Ten detectives stood around the plane until it taxied away.

"Unbelievable religious persecution!" cried the Archbishop of Cape Town, Most Reverend Joost de Blank, and the chief rabbi of the Transvaal, L. I. Rabinowitz, appealed to the government to revoke the deportation order.

As usual, such protests had no visible effect on the men of *apartheid*. But the Nationalists are frankly jittery about the outcome of next month's referendum,

² He was born in Norwich, was appointed to the Johannesburg See in 1949.

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when Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd will ask the voters to approve his plan to make South Africa a republic and, tacitly, to approve his *apartheid* policies. In Pretoria's Supreme Court last week, Farmer David Pratt went on trial for firing two shots into Verwoerd's head last April. Chief business of the court was to hear psychiatric evidence that Pratt was mentally unbalanced. Before being led away for examination by mental specialists, Pratt leaped to his feet to make a statement: "I felt the violent urge to shoot *apartheid* . . . this slimy snake that is gripping the throat of South Africa and preventing her from taking her rightful place among nations," he cried. "My Lord, I think I was shooting at the epitome of *apartheid*, rather than at Dr. Verwoerd." Mad or not, his words might have an effect on voters on referendum day.

idealistic fervor of their own. One of the defendants, pale, thin France Binard, had lost eight members of her family in Nazi concentration camps. She said grimly: "I answer fully for what I have done. Through my presence here before you, I continue my fight." Defendant Jean-Claude Paupert, an ex-soldier who served in Algeria, said what he had seen there made him a supporter of the F.L.N. "I have helped the Algerians," he announced. "I am proud of it. That's all."

Francis Jeanson, the leader of the group, is a former professor of philosophy and onetime secretary of France's literary angry man, Jean-Paul Sartre. Hollow-chested, tuberculous Jeanson escaped the police raid that caught his followers. Three weeks after the raid, Jeanson further mortified the police by holding a secret press conference in a Left Bank hideout, where

Communists, but each signer received a police visit last week, was asked to verify his signature and confirm that he had read the petition before signing it.

Nervously, the government launched a wave of minor repressions. The Swiss film *Le Petit Soldat*, which tells the story of a French deserter who becomes involved with the F.L.N., was banned, even though the scenario is skillfully tailored to fit inside the official French line. Paris' lively weekly *L'Express* was suppressed for printing an article on the subject of army desertion, even though the paper made clear its opposition to desertion. Also seized was an edition of the weekly *France Observateur* for publishing an interview with Rebel Leader Ferhat Abbas.

Strength to Strength. In France suppression does not yet mean silence. Influential *Le Monde* carried the gist of what



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From a troubled conscience, a call to desertion.

FRANCE

Thunder on the Left

The conscience of France may sometimes have seemed quiet, but it has also been deeply troubled by the cankerous, six-year war in Algeria. French priests have denounced the atrocities and torture committed by the French army; conservative intellectuals like Author François Mauriac protested the French treatment of rebel prisoners and demanded an end to the war; reservists called to the ranks have on occasion staged sitdown strikes in railroad stations or engaged in brief mutinies. Last week murmurous dissent erupted in the most conspicuous display since Charles de Gaulle took power.

Beards & Basins. At the Chêrche-Midi court in Paris, 25 defendants crowded the dock. Almost all were under 30, most of them wore the corduroy jackets, sandals, beards and basin hair-dos familiar in the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter. They were members of the "Jeanson" organization, accused of much more than mere distaste for government policies and practices. They were charged with smuggling money out of France to buy arms and munitions for the F.L.N., columns fighting the French in Algeria. All but six of the 25 were French men and women—teachers, mathematicians, TV producers, actors—who had betrayed the government of France not for money but out of an

he defended his organization on the grounds that Algerian independence is inevitable and, when it comes, F.L.N. leaders should know that not all Frenchmen opposed them.

Police Calls. While French sympathizers of the accused crowded the court, the De Gaulle regime received another blow. Someone (police are still vainly trying to discover who) collected the signatures of 121 left-wing intellectuals on a petition urging in effect that French soldiers mutiny or desert rather than "take arms against the Algerians." Among the signers: Jean-Paul Sartre and Author Simone (The *Mandarins*) de Beauvoir, who are currently junketing in Brazil and trying to rally Latin American intellectuals behind the F.L.N. rebels and against the French government. Cried Sartre in Rio de Janeiro: "De Gaulle's regime is a hoax—not morally but politically." Other signers were Vercors, World War II Resistance author of *The Silence of the Sea*; André Breton, founder of surrealism; Simone Signoret, who won Hollywood's 1959 Academy Award for her role in *Room at the Top*; Novelists Nathalie Sarraute and Alain Robbe-Grillet, and even Florence Malraux, the 27-year-old daughter of De Gaulle's Culture Minister André Malraux who, in his radical youth, would certainly have been a signer as well. The police hesitated to jail so large a covey of intellectuals, and could not call them all

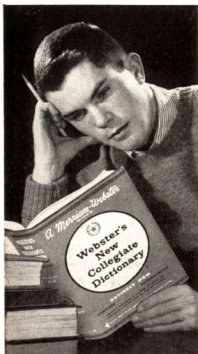
the other two papers were suppressed for saying. There is a brisk under-the-counter sale of banned books such as Francis Jeanson's *Our War* and stories by army deserters such as *Le Refus*.

In his two years of power, President Charles de Gaulle has survived the initial assaults of the political right—the Algerian *colons*, the militarists, the diehards. The challenge from the intellectual left may be harder to overcome in a France impatient with and sick of the endless bloodletting and brutality on both sides in Algeria.

LAOS

Threat from the North

Laoians, who have gone through two coups d'état in a year, last week had a coup de radio. From the southern town of Savannakhet, Prince Boun Oum, 52, tall, silvery-haired royal inspector general and pretender to a long defunct kingdom, took to the radio to declare that the new neutralist government in Vientiane was handing the country over to Communism, and announced "the seizure of power and the abrogation of the constitution in order to bring peace and happiness to the country and the people." The prince is kingpin of the rich southern Laotian valleys, famed for leading a heroic resistance against the Japanese in 1945 and admired by local tribesmen both for his reputed magic powers (he wears a *lukelod*, or amulet, that is



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said to make his chest itch when danger approaches) and his gargantuan drinking and partying.

In Vientiane, Premier Souvanna Phouma, in the fashion of Laotian political figures, sought to shut out the political static from the south by playing soothing mood music. Souvanna, who thinks that the Communist-dominated Pathet Lao will call off their guerrillas if only somebody will talk to them nicely and invite them into the government, called on Prince Boun, "whose patriotism is well known," to desist from his "initiative." Then he went off to visit the King Savang Vatthana. But even as he spoke, someone blew up the waterworks in Vientiane. Souvanna sadly ordered all of Prince Boun's relatives rounded up for questioning—all except the prince's brother Boun Orm, who is Souvanna's own Deputy Minister for Security.

But one party in this pageant was dead serious. As Premier Souvanna returned from his royal audience, Pathet Lao rebels crossed the Nam Ma river in force and threatened the northern provincial center of Samneua. The attack was headed by five Communist-led battalions reported to have crossed the northeastern border recently from Communist North Viet Nam. "This is a national crisis," cried General Ouane Rattikoun, chief of the royal Laotian armed forces. "It is a time for unity." The U.S., which had long felt that Vientiane had not been awake to the danger in the north and thinks that Prince Boun has the right idea about the Pathet Lao, moved a task force into nearby waters with 1,100 marines and a squadron of combat helicopters aboard as a warning to Peking to keep hands off Laos's governments—either one.

BELGIUM

Cinderella Girl

In Madrid, wellborn Doña Fabiola de Mora y Aragón, 32, is the girl who couldn't catch a man. Her three brothers and three sisters had long since married. Fabiola has large, dark brown eyes and is an attractive young woman, though no raving beauty. Educated in Paris, she speaks perfect English and French and German, as well as Spanish, swims well and plays adequate tennis. Instead of attending university, she took nurse's training in military hospitals in San Sebastian and Madrid. In her spare time, Fabiola designed Christmas cards and published a children's book called *The Twelve Marvelous Tales*.

Though not of royal blood, the De Moras belong to the upper nobility. Fabiola's father, Gonzalo, who died in 1957, was the fourth Marqués de Casa Riera, and her mother claims descent from the royal houses of the extinct Spanish kingdoms of Aragón and Navarre. Last January Fabiola went to Switzerland to visit Queen Victoria Eugenia, widow of Spain's Alfonso XIII. While there, she met for the first time lanky (6 ft.), retiring Baudouin, 30, King of the Belgians. There were other meetings during the summer, but Fabiola



Associated Press

DOÑA FABIOLA & KING BAUDOUIN
After 25 years, a new queen.

continued to live quietly in her Madrid apartment, and continued her normal pursuits: churchgoing, charitable works, visits to her mother in the Calle Zurbarán mansion which is large enough and magnificent enough to have been considered by the U.S. Government for its embassy in Spain.

Last week Fabiola let her family in on a secret, flew to Paris with her mother, and went on to Belgium. At week's end in Brussels, the secret was revealed to the world when King Baudouin announced his engagement to Fabiola de Mora. Madrid society gasped. "Astounding!" cried one count in clipped accents and added, "Are you absolutely sure it's Fabiola?" One of her friends said loyally, "She is very devout, very Spanish, just what foreigners think most Spanish girls are like—not like the new generation." Generalissimo Franco wired King Baudouin his congratulations and his hope that the marriage will "reinforce the already traditional bonds of friendship and esteem which unite our countries."

There was rejoicing in Belgium, which has not had a reigning queen since Baudouin's popular mother, the lovely Astrid of Sweden, was killed in a 1935 Swiss auto accident. It was hoped that marriage would mellow the taciturn and glumly authoritarian manner of King Baudouin, and the royal wedding would help take Belgian minds off the bloody catastrophe of the Congo. The rest of the world experienced the warming reaction that seems to come, especially to democratic nations, with every pomp and circumstance of vanishing royalty. In this case there was a special cause for cheers: the Cinderella girl who couldn't seem to catch a man had caught a king.

♦ In Spain's long, bloody and losing 16th century war with The Netherlands, the Catholic Belgians fought at Spain's side against the Dutch.

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PAPERS

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Maneuvering to Stay

One month after the Organization of American States voted sanctions against the Dominican Republic in an effort to topple Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, 69, the strongman is still in charge. Billboards dot the Dominican countryside with sycophantic testimonials: "Trujillo, Greatest Man of the Continent," "Trujillo, Dominican Glory," "Trujillo, Your People Adore You."

Yet Trujillo is hurting and putting in long days to stay in power. Economically, the OAS sanctions intensify a recession already under way because of declining commodity prices and vastly increased

from the presidency, his son Ramfis from the chairmanship of the combined chiefs of staff. He turned over the regime to Vice President Joaquín Balaguer, an old henchman.

As in any dictatorship, Trujillo's totalitarian regime has within itself extremist and moderate wings, and they are engaged in Byzantine intrigue. Balaguer was a moderate, and for the moment Trujillo knowingly freed him to act. As the new president, Balaguer took office saying that his main job would be "continuing the process of democratization" and promised to seek a general amnesty for political prisoners.

After the OAS voted sanctions, the extremists, led by Trujillo's onetime secret

Porfirio Díaz, 1877-1910), Trujillo's followers know well how to play on his suspicions, how to capitalize on his fear of plots and his appetite for quick and easy solutions—and above all, how far to go. Currently Abbes has the go-ahead, and his line is to have Radio Caribe and *La Nación* call for a leftist, pro-Castro position that is supposed to scare Washington. Foreign Minister Herrera Báez's statement that his government would continue standing with the West brought a Radio Caribe blast that "all he did was lick the boots of the aggressive imperialists." But at the same time Trujillo allowed Herrera Báez to visit London, Paris, Madrid and The Hague to line up Western support and let him promise that the Dominicans would not expel the U.S. missile-tracking station in Trujillo's country.



TRUJILLO, ABRES GARCÍA & BALAGUER
Old adorable was feeling some pain.

Bruce Henderson

spending for arms. With the political future clouded, private investment has almost stopped. The rich are holding onto their money and trying to convert pesos into dollars in the black market.

In downtown El Conde and Arzobispo Nouel, Ciudad Trujillo's principal shopping streets, the stores are almost empty, and many would close if the government would let them. The third of the capital's population that lives in filthy hovels, mostly along the Ozama River, is largely unemployed, and government food kitchens supply a daily meal of rice and bananas to the hungry. The customary public works projects have been cut to the bone to relieve a \$70 million budget deficit, putting thousands more out of work.

Byzantine Intrigue. Initially, Trujillo responded to the possibility of OAS action against his dictatorship by trying to camouflage the regime. Oppositionists were encouraged to participate in next year's elections. Trujillo removed himself from the palace, his brother Hector

police chief, John Abbes García, gained the ascendancy. Abbes, a combination court assassin and court jester who knows how to fawn on Trujillo's ego, took the bit in his teeth as Trujillo gave him rein. Powerful Radio Caribe, an ostensibly private radio station actually run by Abbes' henchmen, began attacking the Balaguer regime for being weak-kneed against the OAS. With the afternoon newspaper *La Nación*, also linked to Abbes, it "demanded" that Trujillo take over the presidency and that Balaguer step down.

Watching the game from on high, Trujillo intervened to announce his confidence in Balaguer but suspended the "democratization" masquerade. Mobs sacked the headquarters of the pro-Castro Popular Dominican Movement and the "loyal opposition" Quisqueño Party, and the legal opposition ended. Balaguer's amnesty bill is dying in Congress.

Scaring Washington. After watching the second longest-lived dictatorship in hemisphere history (the first: Mexico's

PANAMA

"Visual Evidence"

November is a touchy month for Panama's national sensibilities, because it has three blood-stirring anniversaries: independence from Colombia on the 3rd, the Canal Zone-establishing treaty with the U.S. on the 18th, liberation from Spain on the 28th. Last November Panamanian nationalists twice made bloody attempts to invade the Canal Zone and plant the Panamanian flag there. The following month President Eisenhower agreed that the flag should indeed fly as "visual evidence that Panama does have titular sovereignty" over the U.S.-occupied Zone, but the House of Representatives voted a resolution against letting the Panamanian flag be flown in the Zone. Last week, with Congress adjourned and another November looming, Ike ruled that Panama's flag of red, white and blue squares will henceforth fly daily with the U.S. flag in the Canal Zone plaza just over the border from Panama's legislative building.

EL SALVADOR

Gunfire in the Sun

El Salvador, the sunny republic on Central America's Pacific Coast where a handful of banking and coffee-planting families dominate a tightly packed population of 2,520,000, broke out last week in rioting and gunfire. The bloodshed grew out of a clash early this month between students and other oppositionists and the cops of Colonel-President José María Lemus. When the oppositionists tried to demonstrate in the capital of San Salvador against a new law regulating the right of assembly, police beat one student to death, injured 350 other persons and raped jailed schoolgirls. Ten thousand citizens marched behind the dead student's bier.

Branding students' gullible tools of professional Communist agitators," Lemus slapped on a state of siege. Early last week 7,000 persons defied it and massed in protest against police. Then, on Independence Day, students and workers wear-



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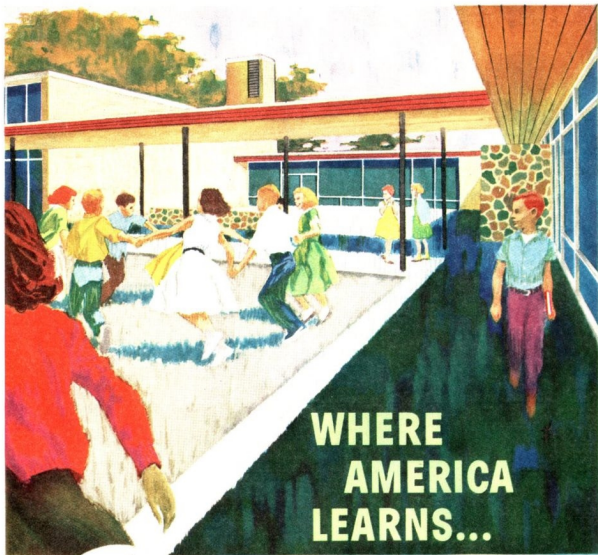
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ing black bands for police-violence victims turned out to demonstrate. They found cops waiting, shouted, "Killers!" Police opened fire. A 19-year-old university law student and two other demonstrators fell dying. That night the knifed corpse of a cop was found with the word *Revenge* painted across the chest.

Although Salvadoran supporters of Cuba's Fidel Castro were feeding the ferment, Lemus did not have to look beyond his borders for its cause. El Salvador, Latin America's tiniest country, has its second densest population (305 per sq. mi.). The average agricultural wage is 60¢ a day, and 20,000 are unemployed in the capital alone. As much as any other country in the hemisphere, El Salvador is in need of the social reforms proposed by the U.S. to the inter-American development conference in Bogotá a fortnight ago.



Manchete

CAROLINA MARIA DE JESUS
Rats in the wrapper, cats at the cage.

BRAZIL

Life in the Garbage Room

Carolina Maria de Jesus, a tall Negro woman with three illegitimate children, each by a different man, lived in a teeming *favela* (slum) in São Paulo. At dawn she queued up for water at a public spigot, an empty oil can on her head. To buy bread and rice, she scavenged scrap paper, selling it to a junkman and getting as much as 30¢ "on good days." But Carolina's nights, in recent years, were quite unattended by the brawling and raw sex that surrounded her. By kerosene lamp in her 4-ft. by 12-ft. shack, she wrote down the vivid details of slum life, filling 26 notebooks gleaned from trash piles. To her neighbors, this seemed putting on airs. While Carolina was out tramping streets, one slattern would regularly empty her chamber pot into Carolina's window.

One day 2½ years ago, when a play-

ground was being inaugurated, *favela* adults chased children off the new teeter-totters and seasawed up and down themselves. "This is the kind of animal I have to live with," Carolina whispered bitterly to a friend. "I'll put them in my diary so they will not be forgotten." Audílio Dantas, a reporter for *Folhas de São Paulo*, who was covering the inauguration, overheard, asked: "What diary?"

Last week Carolina's diaries, compiled by Reporter Dantas into a 182-page book called *Quarto de Despejo* (Garbage Room), her epithet for the *favela*, broke over Brazil as its biggest literary bombshell. The first 10,000 copies were sold in a week—a record. Rolling off presses were 20,000 more, and a 50,000-copy third edition is planned. Carolina appeared on TV, earning \$60 a day in royalties, she no longer hunts streets for paper.

Fetid Mysteries. To middle-class residents of Rio and São Paulo, the fetid *favelas* are cities apart, mysteriously alive but best not entered. In her book, Carolina tells them what life there is like. She recalls that for her daughter Vera Eunice's birthday, she dug a pair of shoes out of the garbage. "I washed them and gave them to her." Of the death of a two-month-old boy in the *favela*, Carolina notes: "If he had lived he would have gone hungry." She says, "How horrible it is to see your children eat and then ask, 'Is there more?'"

To Carolina, President Juscelino Kubitschek is a "wise man living in a golden cage." She warns, "Be careful, wise man. We of the *favelas* are the cats. And we are hungry." One time a *favela* woman knocked on a rich woman's door. Carolina recalls, "The *senhora* of the house told her to wait. Soon she returned with a wrapped package." The beggar woman carried the bundle back to her hotel and eagerly opened it. Inside were two dead rats.

Unashamed at her own unweid state (she lost seven jobs as a maid because she "used to slip out of the house at night and make love"), Carolina is scornful of men. "Today is Father's Day," she wrote. "What a ridiculous day!"

"You Black Whore!" Upon the success of her book Carolina moved out of the *favela*. Ordering a truck, she loaded up her children, table, two cots, mattresses, bookshelf and six cooking pots. Neighbors surrounded the truck. A man yelled, "You think you are high-class now, you black whore! You write about us and make lots of money, and then leave without sharing it." A drunken woman hurled a rock that gashed one of Carolina's two sons. Rocks struck Daughter Vera Eunice. As curses and the hail of stones grew, Carolina pounded on the hood, leaped aboard, and the driver roared through the mob. The *favela*-dwellers gave chase, brandishing clubs and rotten vegetables until the truck neared a police station. Then they fell away, and headed home.

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PEOPLE

After taking in his first bullfight, Tourist **Jack Paar**, 42, hastened to a ranch outside Madrid to film his own version of the *corrida*—with a cow. But once *Novillero* Paar had made his classic entrance, a wag decided to cow him with a substitute, a real toro—a dilemma on whose horns the comedian had no desire to be impaled. Not realizing that his foe was a specially trained, docile beast, *Jumping Jack* bolted for the *barrera* but, unfortunately, he didn't quite clear it. His award: no ears, no tail, no hoofs, two bruised ribs.

Although his father was one of the most renowned *Hamlets*, **John Barrymore Jr.**, 28, has never been notably Shakespearean. But last week he made Barrymore-sized headlines after a sub-balcony performance worthy of a Greenwich Village *Romeo and Juliet*. At 5 a.m. he insistently rang the doorbell of his ex-fiancée, Italian Cinematress **Giorgia Moll**, 21. Barrymore announced himself as the apartment porter, but Giorgia's mother, not the least bit fooled, had the cops called. When John Jr. was later haled into court on charges of house-breaking and defamation, the whole thing became clear—more or less. Giorgia, it seemed, was an old-fashioned Italian gal who believed in keeping her engagement ring, as a sort of consolation prize, even after her engagement was broken. As for John Jr.: "I need the ring to get engaged again." His new Juliet: another Italian brunette beauty, ex-Model **Gabriella Palazzoli**, 22.

Ending a two-year Mississippi hegemony, radiant **Nancy Anne Fleming**, 18, of minuscule (pop. 2,346) Montague, Mich. found herself **Miss America** of



MISS AMERICA OF 1961
Princess of the ball.

N.Y. Daily News

1961. While she was sewing up the title with victories in the talent (dressmaking) and bathing-suit (35-22-35) preliminaries at Atlantic City, her Governor, Democrat **G. Mennen Williams**, was campaigning in New Jersey for Jack Kennedy. Although he missed her crowning, "Soapy" slipped into town in time for the subsequent Coronation Ball and a dance with his comely constituent, who magnanimously labeled it "my second biggest thrill of the night."

Looking mighty like a man—and the spitting image of his older brother, **King Hussein of Jordan—Prince Hassan**, 13, deplaned at London Airport with his



HASSAN
The Prince of Harrow.

UPI

mother, Queen Mother Zaine, for the start of school. The natty young prince will attend Harrow, which Winston Churchill attended 63 years ago, and where Hussein matriculated for a year, made the soccer and rugby teams before moving on to Sandhurst.

From London last week came details of **Aly Khan's** will, which, under "the Shia Moslem law, which is my personal law," ordered several specific bequests, then granted two-thirds of the remainder of the estimated \$800 million estate to heirs, including Princess **Yasmin**, 10, his daughter by Second Wife **Rita Hayworth**. Among the specifics: \$280,000 and his Chantilly, France, villa to elegant French Fashion Model **Bettina**, 35, his constant companion since 1955; \$14,000 to **Sybilla Szczeniowska**, 38, a blonde New York



YASMIN & BETTINA
Heirs of the prince.

Associated Press

fashion designer who met **Aly** 20 years ago in Cairo; and \$56,000 to her Cairo-born son, **Marek**, 16, a Manhattan private school junior, who recollected "seeing the prince three or four times in my life. When he was in New York, he used to come to see us, and he gave my brother and me \$50 when he did. The prince wanted to be my godfather, but it was against his religion. But he was always a spiritual godfather to me."

In 1926, State Department Code Clerk **James Thurber**, then 25, deflected into journalism, has harbored ever since an unrealized ambition: "One friend of mine put it very well when he said, 'That s.o.b. has been trying to get on the stage for 40 years.'" Last week when a star of his long-running Broadway revue, *A Thurber Carnival*, abruptly quit, the author-cartoonist tramped into the breach. With only two rehearsals, under Director **Burgess Meredith** ("Now I have him at my mercy; I can tell him that as an actor he has no right to change the author's words"), Thurber played himself with fluffless finesse in a twelve-minute sketch about a writer embroiled in a frustrating correspondence with his bureaucratic publisher. Since the role calls for him to be seated throughout, Thurber's blindness was no handicap, and Meredith felt that the part "lit an old fuse in him; he seems to have come up with some peculiar stage ability." Equally enthused, the *New York Times* critic labeled the actor "the perfect Thurber." Drinking it all in, the Great White Way's white-haired new hope announced that he would remain in the role for the rest of the Broadway run, might even go with the show on the road.

For the longest papal junket (more than 100 miles round trip) since Pius IX's horsecarriage tour of the Roman countryside in 1857, **Pope John XXIII**, 79, climbed into the armchair seat of his Chrysler, donated by U.S. Catholics, at 6:15 a.m. one morning last week. The



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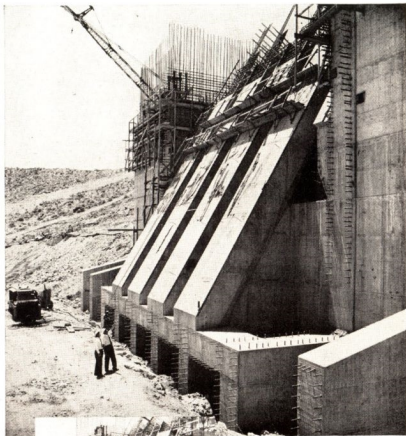
But there's another story here you won't find in your newspapers: *safety is a job requirement.* This is a direct responsibility of Mr. R. G. Kenson, administrative assistant to Mr. Webb. Mr. Kenson says: "Our job superintendents need expert help in meeting that requirement. They get it. For years people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau have worked with us on many of our projects. They have the knowledge and the ability to help us make our jobs safe jobs. They're good people to do business with."

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Wausau Story

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purpose of the trip: a sentimental journey to the seminary at Roccamare where 56 years ago he said the second mass of his career. After admiring the olive-groved Sabine Hills through the plexiglas top of his speeding (frequently at more than 60 miles per hour) limousine, the Pope was greeted by townspeople and papal Secretary of State **Domenico Cardinal Tardini**, himself a former student at the seminary. Arriving at the chapel, His Holiness seemed disappointed at not finding the portrait of St. Francis he still remembered (it had been stored during World War II and never put back). Later, before presenting a gift to his alma mater and taking coffee and cakes with his hosts, the Pope addressed 85 awed seminarians on the school's tennis court, remarked, "Fifty years ago we were here, and now you are here. But as you can see, we are not too old."

Manhattan Visitor **Harry S. Truman**, 76, took time out to scorch some of this week's visitors to Manhattan with his patented hellfire. "I don't think any more of Nasser than I do of Khrushchev," he said, "and they can both go to the bottom of the Atlantic as far as I'm concerned." Truman added, his nose still to the brimstone, that "as soon as Castro started all that anti-U.S. propaganda, we should have given him a shave and a bath and a warning to behave himself."

Just as he was about to start his eighth season as advisory coach at Stockton (Calif.) College, **Amos Alonzo Stagg** changed his mind, sounded the final gun to a football era. "For the past 70 years," read his letter of resignation, "I have been coach; at 98 years of age, it seems a good time to stop."

In a London *Daily Telegraph* installment of his forthcoming memoirs, **Lord Ismay**, 73, World War II Chief of Staff to Defense Minister (and Prime Minister) **Winston Churchill**, recalled an agonizing mid-August afternoon in 1946. It was shortly before the height of the Blitz. Churchill and "Pug" Ismay, visiting Royal Air Force fighter-command headquarters, received word that every airworthy British craft was already in action aloft, and that still another wave of Luftwaffe attackers was roaring across the Channel. Yet by dusk, the R.A.F. had miraculously turned aside the Nazi onslaught, and the Prime Minister and his aide started to drive back to Chequers. "Don't speak to me," murmured Churchill, "I have never been so moved." Then after a long five minutes, the Prime Minister leaned forward and broke the silence: "Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few." Ismay wrote: "The words burned into my brain, and I repeated them to my wife when I got home." Several days later, after Churchill had repeated the sentence in a memorable address to the House of Commons, Ismay realized that "Churchill too had evidently photographed them in his mind."



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THE PRESS

In War & Peace

For millions of American G.I.s, the most vivid symbols of their lot in World War II were Sergeant Bill Mauldin's cartoon dogfaces, Willie and Joe. Appearing up front in *Stars & Stripes* and widely syndicated in newspapers back home, they captured the frustrations of the combat infantryman fighting his lonely war against filth, fatigue, his own generals and, occasionally, the enemy.

Willie and Joe won for Mauldin a great reputation—but the peacetime conversion came hard. He has had his ups and downs,



COLLISION

But in recent months he has at last turned the corner, shows all the signs of taking his place in the top rank of U.S. political cartoonists.

Pretty Bad. Last week Cartoonist Mauldin, now an impish-looking, salty-talking 38-year-old, recalled his bitter years. He had originally planned to have Willie and Joe killed on V-J day. "They were characters who belonged to a time and place," he explains. "The infantrymen they had been patterned after had been killed." But he didn't do it: "I chickened out." Instead, accepting a handsome offer from United Feature Syndicate, he put Willie and Joe in multi—and set them to deciding the fate of the postwar world. Where the syndicate wanted simple panel gags, Mauldin insisted on drawing political cartoons that were sometimes murky, often naive. Where Willie and Joe in wartime had been marvelously sardonic, now they merely seemed shrill. Client papers canceled by the score, which only made Mauldin defiant. "Every time an editor bitched about my drawing a race-relations cartoon," Mauldin says, "I drew eight or ten of them in a row. I was sore and frustrated. I did a few good cartoons, but the general output was pretty bad. I was floating around with my feet about 20 feet off the ground." When his contract with Unit-

ed Feature Syndicate ran out in 1948, Mauldin quit.

He spent the next ten years roaming the country, taking up flying, free-lancing in an aimless way. His second chance came in 1958, when Mauldin's early hero, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* famed political cartoonist Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, left on an extended vacation after 45 years at the drawing board. The paper hired Mauldin as a fill-in. Fitzpatrick, now retired, says, "Mauldin compares with Herblock, and that's as high a compliment as you can pay."

The *Post-Dispatch* was a fine place for



George Harrison—Black Star

POST-DISPATCH'S MAULDIN

Bill Mauldin: "There's no screws on the back of your neck." In that atmosphere Mauldin took a new and deeper look at his peacetime craft. "I had done Willie and Joe in a bold brush," he says, "and it was too stark a technique for political cartooning. The damn drawings jumped out of the page at you. They were as subtle as a punch in the nose. In the end, I finally realized the cartoon had to recede into the page and complement it."

Like any truly good political cartoonist, Mauldin puts his own politics into his work. A diehard Stevenson backer, he now describes himself as "an ill-disguised Kennedy man," but adds of the 1960 presidential campaign: "I'll be damned if I'll give up my privilege to kid the pants off both those guys." For Mauldin, kidding Republican Richard Nixon is easy. Elongating the prominent Nixon nose into a bird's beak, he has depicted "Dicky-bird" Nixon as the "quick-footed helmsnatcher." Says Mauldin of this rare bird: "He's like a sandpiper. You're always sure the wave'll catch him, but it never does. He's not mean. He's not evil. Just a quick-footed little bird in search of titbits." Mauldin insists that: "I deal more in people than in symbols. If I ever do an Uncle Sam, I hope I drop dead." As for poor old Willie and Joe, they are gone. Mauldin used them

for the last time in a cartoon after the 1959 death of General George Marshall.

Easier at Night. The Mauldin style does not come easily. Mauldin's day begins in a steaming hot bathtub at 7:15, a brimful king-size coffee cup resting on the rim. In this *saunlike* atmosphere, the seeds of cartoon ideas that were born during his bedtime hours begin to sprout. "Ideas come easier at night," says Mauldin. "But my sense of discrimination is no good. I need the light of day. That's why the bathtub." A meticulous craftsman, Mauldin poses himself before a Polaroid Land camera with an automatic tripping device to catch just the right face wrinkle, the proper aspect of a menacingly uplifted arm, the authentic grip of a fist



INCH BY INCH

on a club, for his cartoons. Once at the drawing board, he is just as painstaking: a lefthander, he draws from the bottom up and letters from right to left to avoid smearing the wet ink.

Some 60 papers now carry Mauldin's cartoons, and the list is growing. After all those ups and downs, Bill Mauldin is on top again, and he is happy. Says he: "This is exactly what I've wanted to do all my life."

The Peacemaker

In 1910, when a starched and proper young Irishman named John Francis Fitzpatrick arrived in Salt Lake City, capital of predominantly Mormon Utah, he found a mud-fingering contest going on between Salt Lake City's morning paper, the *Gentle Tribune*, and the Saints' own evening *Deseret News*.

Young Fitzpatrick, who went about his business as a newly hired railroad clerk, did not know it at the time, but the mud-fight had been going on spiritedly for 40 years. The *Tribune*, established in 1870 by bitter Mormon dissidents, was winning; its virulent assaults on church prac-

© In Utah, all non-Mormons are called Gentiles. The first Gentle Governor (1917-21) of Utah was Simon Bamberger, a Jew.

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tics and its vicious lampoons of Mormon leaders attracted even church members, who sneaked copies on the sly. The *Deseret News*, founded in 1850 by Brigham Young himself, was staggering beneath the burden of must-run church news and saintly strictures that were its daily lot.

Declaration of War. The young Roman Catholic Irishman was destined to play a significant role in Utah journalism. From railroad clerking, John Francis Fitzpatrick went on to be secretary to another Irishman, Thomas Kearns, former U.S. Senator from Utah (1901-05) and millionaire silver miner. With a share of his fortune, Kearns bought the *Tribune* in 1913. After his death, Kearns's heirs named John Francis Fitzpatrick publisher of the *Tribune*.

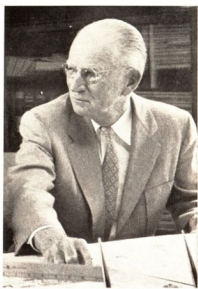
John Francis Fitzpatrick set out to turn himself into a newspaperman and the *Tribune* into a newspaper. While the *Deseret News* looked on enviously, the *Tribune* set up elaborate regional coverage in Utah and Idaho, soon was serving an area bigger than all New England. He introduced fair and comprehensive news coverage to fill the space once heavily committed to fulminations against the church. When the Saints came marching in to Salt Lake City for their semi-annual "conference," the *Tribune* staffed the story generously and played it straight.

By such good newspapering, the *Tribune's* circulation increased by 1947 to 87,237, while the *Deseret News's* fell to 40,485. The church decided to give battle. Drawing on its considerable financial resources—which still include a department store, a sugar mill, and the city's largest hotel—the church declared war on the *Tribune*.

Time for a Truce. For the first time in decades, Mormon bishops went around warning backsliders in their flocks—i.e., *Tribune* subscribers—to change their ways. The *Deseret News* invaded the Sunday field, which until then had been a *Tribune* monopoly. Going desperately after circulation, the *Deseret News* pushed steak knives and other gimcrack prizes on would-be subscribers. The *Tribune* fought back with its own prize contests, but could not afford the competition. The *Deseret News* moved out front.

This, too, might have gone on forever if it had not been for John Francis Fitzpatrick. Here and there, in all the right places, he dropped hints on how to end the hostilities. When these filtered up to the Mormon high councils, the elders, already weary of the expensive battle, gave them a cordial reception. In 1952, largely on John Francis Fitzpatrick's terms, the war ended in a truce.

The *Deseret News* got out of the Sunday field. The *Tribune*, which in 1930 had bought the *News's* afternoon rival, the *Telegram*, now sold it to the *News* (which became the *Deseret News and Salt Lake Telegram*). Then the once-bitter rivals joined hands by forming the Newspaper Agency Corp., through which both papers share the same printing plant and the same advertising, circulation and distribu-



JOHN FRANCIS FITZPATRICK
Some starch for the sheets.

tion organizations. They remain rivals—and staunch rivals—only editorially. President of the combined operation: John Francis Fitzpatrick.

Last week, after watching both papers prosper, and the *Tribune* and the *News* become almost even in circulation and quality, John Francis Fitzpatrick died of a heart attack at 73. With characteristic foresight, he had decided years ago on his successor: John W. Gallivan, 45. On Fitzpatrick's death the *Tribune*, in open defiance of the old man's longstanding order, ran his picture on Page One, thereby providing many subscribers with their first glimpse of the ungregarious Irishman who had greatly altered and immeasurably improved Utah's journalistic landscape.

Undecided Editors Too

How does the U.S. daily press stand on the 1960 presidential election?

A survey published last week by *Editor & Publisher* showed that the so-called "one party press" is less predictably so than it used to be. Of 801 daily newspapers responding to *Editor & Publisher's* questions, 433, or 54.1% with combined circulation of 10,680,988, are supporting Republican Richard Nixon. Backing Democrat John Kennedy are 125 dailies, or 15.6% of the total, with circulation of 2,372,160. A similar *Editor & Publisher* canvass in 1956 showed Republican Dwight Eisenhower supported by 59.46% of the daily newspapers against 17.21% for Democrat Adlai Stevenson.

Perhaps the most significant fact about the 1960 E. & P. survey is the large number of papers that remain uncommitted. Replying that they were either "independent" or undecided as of Sept. 9 were 243 papers, or 30.3%, with total circulation of 9,619,943. This is the biggest chunk of uncommitted newspapers in any *Editor & Publisher* survey since Election Year 1932.

The Brothers

Four A medical student, a hopeful TV director, a would-be electrical engineer and a prospective diplomat became college fraternity brothers not long ago at the University of Washington in Seattle. Between them, they owned five guitars, a banjo, a bass fiddle and an absolutely boundless zest for singing. Naturally, they sang folk songs. They still do—coast-to-coast, in concerts, nightclubs, on television and Columbia Records. In their own joyous fashion, the Brothers Four find a morning freshness in every song they sing—be it a ballad like "Greenfields" or a work song like "Nine Pound Hammer." They have enormous fun—which is the secret of all good singing and all good listening. ©







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Fonteyn & Sones in "Sleeping Beauty"



De Valois & Pupil

Ben Martin

"You cannot create genius. All you can do is nurture it."



David Sim

Beriosova in "Antigone"

The Royal's Grande Dame

As the cloud-soft "swans" of England's Royal Ballet last week skimmed through a rehearsal of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, a small woman with grey sculptured hair clapped her hands to halt the piano in the pit of the Metropolitan Opera House. "What on earth are the swans doing? Really!" She asked in a voice edged with impatience. "Movements on strong beats, please. You understand, don't you?" And "Isn't this lighting brighter than in the first act? Why?"

Ninette de Valois has been casting commands in the form of such darting questions ever since she singlehandedly began creating a national ballet for England almost 30 years ago. At 62, "Madame," as she is awesomely and invariably called by the company, rules the most impressive ballet realm in the Western world. Under her feminine but emphatic control: the Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells), now twirling through its sixth U.S. tour; a second, full-fledged company currently holding the fort at home; the Royal Ballet School, and a post-graduate workshop for ballet teachers.

Madame's latest Atlantic crossing has been the most spectacular to date, if not the biggest critical success. Before the troupe of 84 artists touched shore, with its 24 tons of scenery and costumes, ticket buyers had paid \$500,000 for the troupe's month-long Manhattan stay. And Impresario Sol Hurok expects to gross close to \$2,000,000 from the 25-city tour of the U.S. and Canada that will follow.

At the Crossroads. In its first Manhattan week, the Royal Ballet proved again that in such romantic ballets as *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake* it is matchless in the West. At 41, jewel-like Prima Ballerina Margot Fonteyn is one year beyond the age at which it was once rumored she would retire. But she exhilarated au-

diences with her fluid, exquisite *enchaînement* and her seemingly gravity-free grace, though purists insisted they detected a slight falling-off from the sureness of her performance in New York three years ago. Later in the week the troupe unpacked *La Fille Mal Gardée*, one of history's first ballets (1789), which has been added to the repertoire along with *Ondine*, *Antigone* and *Le Baiser de la Fée* (to be seen this week and next). Critics generally hailed the bucolically cute *La Fille* though Choreographer Frederick Ashton's inventiveness scarcely sustained a full-length ballet.

The Royal is evidently nearing a crossroads, with Fonteyn listed only as a "guest artist" (she has been away for much of the past year) and the company relying more and more on its mainstay classical ballets. There is no shortage of younger dancers, among them Nadia Nerina—whose performance in *La Fille Mal Gardée* conveyed glimpses of Ulanova's unearthly lightness—Annette Page, Anya Linden and, most notably, coldly brilliant Svetlana Beriosova, 28, widely heralded as heiress apparent to Fonteyn. The Royal last week also showed off its first-rate male principals: Michael Sones, Brian Shaw, Alexander Grant and David Blair. But regardless of the available dancing talent, much depends on Madame.

Games Mistress. Ballet's undisputed *grande dame* (she became a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1951) was born Edris Stannus in Ireland, daughter of a career army officer. Her mother thought up the stage name Ninette de Valois, which Edris used in her first role in a Christmas pantomime at London's Lyceum Theatre when she was 16. By 1923, she was a member of the Diaghilev Ballet Russe, later was nick-

named "Games Mistress" because of her commanding, demanding air. Ninette eased up on her dancing career when she discovered she was "not strong on the left side" (possibly due to an unsuspected polio attack in childhood), and concentrated on bringing England up to other countries in ballet. It took some doing.

Director de Valois argued her cause with Shavian persistence; by 1926 her ballet students danced in some performances at the Old Vic Theater. Five years later she moved her school to the Sadler's Wells Theater and, with the star power of Ballerina Alicia Markova (born plain Lilian Alice Marks), the Vic-Wells ballet began its long climb to international eminence. By the time Markova left the company in 1935, Madame had found a thin but diligent little artist called Margaret Fontes, later Margot Fonteyn. Choreographer Ashton joined the troupe as resident choreographer, completing the group that eventually won for Sadler's Wells its palace-bestowed name of Royal Ballet.

Demolishing Opposition. Though Madame is married (to General Practitioner Dr. Arthur B. Connell), members of the cast say, "She is really with us all the time. It is hard to think of her having a personal life at all." Says Madame: "I adore responsibility." Instructors at the Royal Ballet School nervously caution students to put on clean tunics and tights the day she may be expected. When she arrives, she takes over with non-nonsense thoroughness, keeping the beat with her high-heeled foot and reeling off instructions. She is subject to stormy shifts of mood, one minute tossing her fine head back with Irish glee, the next demolishing opposition with the fury of *Sleeping Beauty's* Carabosse. Her rages are legendary, and famed Dancer-Choreographer Robert Helpmann, among others, became hilariously adept at imitating them.

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Impresario Hurok in Manhattan last week. Madame benignly surveyed her troupe from a side table as they capered across the dance floor (Fonteyn herself did a rousing, sinuous tango with portly Choreographer Ashton). The youthful party exuberance, as much as the performance on the Met stage earlier, seemed to promise an inexhaustible supply of enthusiasm for the future. Whether there would also be fresh supplies of choreographers' ideas seemed less certain. Says Madame: "You cannot create genius. All you can do is nurture it."

Coals in Newcastle

When the American Ballet Theater announced that it would invade ballet-wise Moscow this fall, U.S. critics feared that the once-great company—which was disbanded two years ago and gradually reformed early this year—might disgrace the U.S. in Russia. Wrote New York Times Dance Critic John Martin: "Has Newcastle asked for coals? In the unlikely case that it has, assuredly it should not be given cinders." Last week in Moscow the American Ballet Theater proved itself something more than cinders.

As Khrushchev's wife and youngest daughter watched from a box of the Stanislavsky Theater, Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn glided through the Black Swan *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake*. The troupe also leapt and lassoed its way through the Aaron Copland and Agnes de Mille ballet *Rodeo* and George Balanchine's abstract *Theme and Variations*, set to Tchaikovsky music. The Russians admired Tallchief and Bruhn, were politely confused by the unclassic vigor of the American originals, but clapped the entire company back for six curtain calls after their debut.

The press notices were less ecstatic but favorable. On the last night of the troupe's three-day Moscow stint—they will return later, after touring other Russian cities—the audience included Russian Composer Aram Khatchaturian and Bolshoi Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya, who was heard to murmur about one of the company's modern works: "I wish they would create something like that for me."

Even more impressive to the Russians, at one of their own artistic games, was George London, Canadian-born U.S. bass-baritone, who last week became the first American ever to sing *Boris Godunov* in Russia. It was, admitted London, "like a Japanese ballplayer being invited to play first base for the Yankees." The negotiations leading to his invitation, said London, almost broke down during the U-2 incident, but, he added wryly, "what was I supposed to do—chicken?" London, who has performed the role often in the U.S. and Europe, had only three days to rehearse with the Bolshoi Opera. He proved to be in top form, sang his part in near-perfect Russian (although he does not speak the language). The audience gave him a standing ovation and eight curtain calls. Said London: "This is the climax of a life-long dream."



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The New Shows

The new television season has formally weighed in, and so far, in the main, it seems like a ton of feathers trying to crowd together on a butcher's scale. But among this week's and last week's starters, there also are some solid spots.

Thriller (NBC) is an hour-long bloodmobile with Boris Karloff as host. Last week's unpromising premiere involved a Manhattan corporate executive framed as a murderer by a kleptomaniacal knock.

The Aquanauts (CBS), a new series, turned out to be sea-horse opera of the first water about a pair of professional divers. The first episode got them into a struggle to outdo another diver in collecting manganese deposits off Hawaii. It could have been so much submarine corn if the show had not been crisply written and cleanly shot, and well swum by Actors Keith Larsen and Jeremy Slate. *Aquanauts'* chase scenes take on an odd, ballet quality 35 fathoms down, and the special language of the skindivers is at least less rusty than the dialogue that comes out of the average Warner Bros.' stage coach. On last week's show, snagging a smoothly glubular blonde, played by Darrah Marshall, one aquanaut observed: "I knew I'd have to decompress her before I took her to the surface."

Checkmate (CBS) shows promise of becoming one of TV's better private-eye series, is slickly and expertly tooled (moving tree shadows, sudden screams), and uses its one-hour format to advantage by tossing in three detectives instead of the more usual single eye. Calling themselves Checkmate, Inc., the three took on their first customer last week, a female rancher (Anne Baxter) who turned out to be a murderer.

The Shirley Temple Show (NBC) began its career this week in *The Land of Oz*, an imprecise locale which actually seemed to be more the land of Ozzie and Harriet. Comedian Jonathan Winters, however, gave a memorable performance as Lord General Nikidik, fulfilling a confessed Winters' dream from boyhood days when he wanted to become a general (to no one at all, young Johnny would shout repeatedly). "The rest of you are privates," Agnes Moorehead, a suitably grating witch, all but punctured the screen with her cockney accent, and Sterling Holloway, as Jack Pumpkinhead, cried seeds instead of tears. Hostess Temple herself, whose new series will include such additional material as *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *Kim*, played—within her limitations—both Princess Ozma and the boy Tip. She turned up for the new season deglamorized, lacking the airy coiffure and shining lipstick which she used to help sell last season's *Shirley Temple Story Book*.

National Velvet (NBC), a series based loosely on the 1945 film that established the career of twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor, is set by television in the U.S.



REX HARRISON & TAMMY GRIMES
A poetic Gladstone.

rather than England. The first episode was given over to the successful efforts of Velvet Brown (Lori Martin) to rescue a horse from the Ken-L-Ration can, had a certain oaty charm.

The Tab Hunter Show (NBC), opening this week, demonstrates once again that Tab's acting range pretty much consists of a capacity to inhale and exhale through his seemingly polyethylene eyeballs. As Paul Morgan, a Malibu Beach cartoonist, he is felled by one sandy starlet after another, but the word on the beach is that the whole thing is phony abalone.

Pete and Gladys (CBS) sets up Actor Harry Morgan, the next-door neighbor from the defunct *December Bride*, in a show of his own, Pete and Gladys (Cara Williams) kid around a lot and have little spats and all that, but they are really mad

about each other. "It's a new house," observed one character, in this week's first installment, "but still the same old jokes."

Expedition! (ABC), with Explorer-Author-TV Producer John D. (*Danger Is My Business*) Craig as host, follows the 1959-60 trail of Tracker John Gunther as the show wanders the earth looking for Abominable Snowmen, African bushmen and socially disinclined jungle Indians in Brazil. *The Frozen Continent*, this week's opening program, extends TV's stay-at-home commuter service to Antarctica, nicely balances biological and geophysical information with its documentation of winter life near the South Pole.

The Dow Hour of Great Mysteries (NBC), reflecting TV's recent back-to-Poe trend toward suspenseful dilemmas that need to be solved rather than shot, opens its first regular season this week (after four shows last spring) with Rex Harrison and Tammy Grimes in a superb, spoofily whimsical adaptation by Drama Critic Walter Kerr of Richard Marsh's *The Dutch Diamonds*. Exchanging his Gladstone bag by error with another that contains some £36,000 worth of stolen gems, Rex manages to preserve his fortune, restore the diamonds, fall in love with Tammy and simultaneously avoid being done in by the woggiest group of thugs west of Conrad's Victory.

Raven (NBC) stars Skip Homeier as something called Dan Raven, a sort of semi-private eye who shares his billing with such guest performers as Singers Bobby Darin and Paul Anka while he works his beat on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. Boyish-looking and hyper-hip, he is apparently convinced that murder can be fun. The show may have to go some to avoid the epitaph: "Quoth the ratings, nevermore."

THE ROAD

Two Characters in Search . . .

"Will you please hold my hexa-hexa-hexa-flexagon?"

"Cleopatra, what have you done?"

The two lines called out at random by an audience last week in Connecticut's Westport Country Playhouse were all that Mike Nichols and Elaine May needed. Beginning with the first, ending with the second, they improvised an eight-minute sketch in more or less Shakespearean language—the style, too, had been spontaneously requested by the audience. What's more, they could have done it in any style from Euripides to the *Reader's Digest*. For Nichols and May, getting ready for their first Broadway show after years in nightclubs, are essentially modern practitioners of *commedia dell'arte*, the spontaneous comedy of Renaissance Italy in which strolling players improvised their skits and lampooned their age.

Psychological Substance. Nichols can be alternately Harlequin and Pantaloon, his crayon-blue eyes and round, astonished mouth suggesting that he finds the world just a little too much to cope with, Elaine is a dark-eyed Columbine of many moods



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who wears her immemorial, feminine wisdom a little uncomfortably, like an ill-fitting evening dress. Just as the *commedia* players ridiculed the braggarts and poltroons, cuckolds and scheming Don Juans, Mike and Elaine act out caricatures of their own time and place—the phony intellectual, the lecherous boss and his confused secretary, the little man at the mercy of the distant, unreachable, untouchable telephone operator. In *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May*, which they are bringing into Manhattan's Golden Theater next month, they melt easily from character to character, life to literature, now enacting a missile scientist talking on the telephone with his mother, now dropping a bit of dialogue between two Saganesque lovers ("This has been the cheapest, tawdriest affair of my life," "Shh, you'll spoil it,").

As a team, they recall witty Broadway Writers (*On the Town*) Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who last year appeared in a highly successful show of their own material. But, more subtly, Nichols and May deal in slightly distorted reproductions of accurate sounds, and the effect, which depends upon audience recognition, is subcutaneous. Their material—never written down—is charged with excellent one-line jokes, whether a disk jockey tells a movie starlet that Spencer Tracy was supposed to play the title role in the film biography of Gertrude Stein, or a playwright called Alabama Gross describes his heroine as someone who has "taken to drink, prostitution and puttin' on airs." But the humor rests firmly on psychological substance and can be so telling that it sheds, temporarily, its skin of mirth.

Between their act and the performers themselves there is an intriguing interplay, putting in question what is real and what is theatrical, in a way that suggests one of their favorite models, Italian Playwright Luigi Pirandello, himself something of a modern *commedia dell'arte* artist. Is Mike's nervous blinking, audiences usually want to know, part of the act or is it real? (It is real but less pronounced off-stage.) Are Elaine's black dresses only a stage device? (It is not; Elaine never wears anything but black.) Some signs of tension underlying the humor suggest that Mike and Elaine are a couple of characters in search of an author and, at the same time (since they are both part-time writers), a couple of authors always in search of new characters.

Deflected Inquiries. Nichols, now 28, was born in Berlin of Russian-Jewish parents who fled the Nazis and settled in Manhattan, where his physician father set up practice. Acquiring his wholesome, lactic accents in a series of private schools, Mike went on to the University of Chicago as a pre-med student but soon drifted toward the theater. A year younger than Mike, Elaine was equally adrift when they met in 1955. Born in Philadelphia, the daughter of the late Yiddish Actor Jack Berlin, she has seen the inside of more high schools around the country than James B. Conant, was married and divorced in her teens (she has a ten-year-old daughter).



Henry Grossman

MIKE & ELAINE AS TEEN-AGERS ON DATE
"You be a dentist"—"I'll be a patient."

ter). Together, Mike and Elaine took up with a Chicago campus theatrical group that later became the Compass Players (*TIME*, March 21), soon began to develop a professional rapport so close that they now have more or less Siamese minds. While trying to break into show business, they held some of the odder odd jobs available. Elaine worked as a private eye. Mike drove a post office truck, served as a judge in a jingle contest, in which entrants had to complete a couplet whose first line went "This house has charms that grow and grow . . ." (His favorite losing entry: "... a lovely home for Jean Jacques Rousseau").

Through all their success since those days, Mike and Elaine have almost conspiratorially managed to deflect inquiries into their private lives. ("I will tell you something," Elaine will say cooperatively, "but I warn you it is a lie.") Elaine has never remarried, and Mike is separated. Since neither makes any sort of conscious effort to search for new ideas—the birth of a sketch is usually accomplished with a simple remark, such as "You be a dentist, I'll be a patient"—they read miscellaneously. Nichols enjoys his subscription to *Dog World*, even though he has given up his Saint Bernard, reads Nancy Mitford and Mary McCarthy, never looks at *Variety*. Elaine is intermittently writing a play for herself and Nichols (with about six other parts) that is tentatively scheduled for Broadway next season.

For all their individual characteristics, the only really extraordinary thing about Mike Nichols and Elaine May is their w.t. They use that, too, to keep their lives to themselves. Since reporters are forever asking them for details about their off-stage relationship, they have just devised an all-purpose answer. "We live very quietly and we date occasionally," say Mike Nichols and Elaine May. "Right now we are seeing Comden and Green."



PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

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MEDICINE

ENVIRONMENT v. MAN

Subtle New Pollutants Endanger Health

It was only 106 years ago that experimenting British authorities closed down the common water pump in a busy London square and saw the bustling city's cholera rate drop dramatically. From that experience came a valuable lesson in public health: disease can be transmitted by polluted water. In the years since, along with his progress in sanitation and health, man has picked up new ways of polluting his environment. The new, more subtle contaminants bear such exotic names as alkyl benzene sulfonate and acrolein, and they differ in one major respect from the contaminants of a century and a half ago. They are man-made—the undesirable by-products of technological progress.

In the U.S. alone, more than 400 totally new chemicals are introduced each year. They kill bugs, clean carpets, run automobiles and wash dishes. Some of them even fight disease. But when their usefulness is ended, they often find their way—as waste—into the air people breathe, the water they drink and the food they eat. Often invisible and immune to bacteriological attack, they damage plants, kill fish, slip undetected through sewage-treatment plants, and blanket entire cities with clouds of noxious vapor. Some, like sulphur dioxide, are clearly toxic—memorably so in the five-day siege of sulphurous smog in Donora, Pa. (pop. 13,000), which struck down 5,910 and killed 18 in October 1948. Others, doctors think, may have

serious cumulative effects on human health—which will not show up for perhaps 20 or 30 years. Some may cause lung disease and consequent failure. Dr. John R. Heller, president of New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, last week estimated that more than 15% of all cancers might be traced to environmental pollutants. Says Dr. Robert A. Keboe of the University of Cincinnati: "The technology of our time has created a wealth of materials and made available the forces of nature for man's use. At the same time, it has failed to bring to these materials and forces the understanding of their biological effects that will keep them under adequate control. The effort must be made to reduce the gap between technology and biology before it is too late. It is clear that reckless man can turn loose and build up physical forces which may destroy himself and his kind."

What's in the Air?

In many U.S. cities, blue skies are less common than they once were, and smarting eyes a chronic complaint. Air pollution is no respecter of size; more than 10,000 U.S. communities are afflicted to some degree. Most U.S. smog is of the eye-irritating "Los Angeles type," composed primarily of nitrous oxides and petroleum products loosely known as hydrocarbons, much of it traceable directly to automobile exhausts. Every day in the Los Angeles basin, more than 12,500 tons of pollutants are discharged (80% by autos) into the air—and without the city's severe industrial controls, the daily dosage would be 3,300 tons higher. Its economic and psychological effects are staggering. Smog has cost the Los Angeles area an estimated \$375 million in research, control and crop losses. A state-sponsored survey released this month shows that three out of every five Angelenos feel bothered by smog.

Is smog a health menace? Says Los Angeles' Dr. Paul Kotin: "There is no question that it is not good for you." Kotin himself has produced cancers in rats and mice by painting their bodies with smog components. Natural exposure to smog has caused scarring in the lungs of laboratory animals, and inhalation of sulphur-dioxide fumes produces "airways resistance" (inhibited replenishment of the blood's oxygen supply) in both guinea pigs and humans. In London, where the word smog originated, chronic bronchitis-emphysema, an irreversible pulmonary disorder that can cause eventual heart failure, is now the third biggest killer (behind heart disease and cancer) of men over 45, and British doctors attribute its rapid rise to polluted air. Recent samplings of London smog have revealed dangerous concen-

trations (300 to 400 parts per million at auto exhaust-pipe level) of poisonous carbon monoxide in the city's air. Normal danger level: 100 parts per million, inhaled over an eight-hour period.

But the unhappy truth is that scientists still know very little about smog's effects on human health. Many doctors suspect that exposure to polluted air over a period of years, like habitual cigarette smoking, probably produces serious pulmonary disease. But, explains Dr. Walsh McDermott of Cornell University Medical College, the kind of long-term study needed to prove this hypothesis is "not particularly fashionable" among scientists who prefer to delve into more dramatic fields of research. The extent of the menace is undetermined, but it nevertheless exists. Says Dr. McDermott: "We can continue to breathe what is very probably toxic air on the premise that it is an unavoidable byproduct of our wonderful society and that, on balance, life is pleasanter with the polluted air than without it. Or we can choose to have our wonderful society and clean air too."

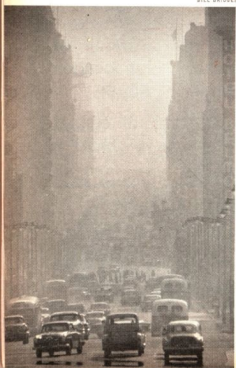
What's in the Water?

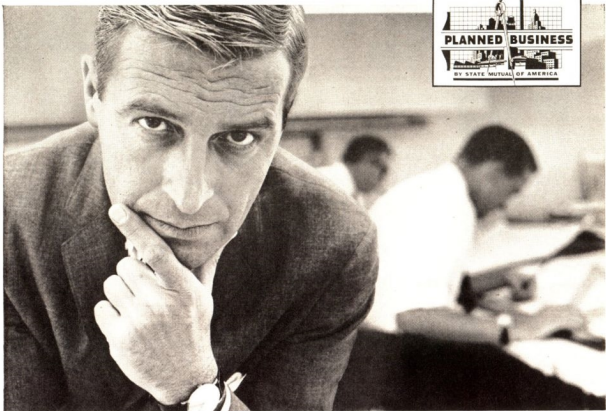
For decades the U.S. has prided itself on the purity of its drinking water. Today in many places the boast rings hollow. Sioux City, Iowa dumps ten tons of raw human sewage into the Missouri River daily; about half survives the trip downstream to the intake station through which Omaha, Neb. draws its entire city water supply. Necessity has forced Omaha to build one of the nation's finest water-purification plants, purchase \$36,000 worth of chlorine a year. Still, says a Nebraska sanitation official, the water at times tastes "like hell-fire." In St. Louis County, residents have been warned that future water supplies are imperiled by increasing pollution of the Missouri at Kansas City. Says a state engineer: "We have just about exhausted all the water-purification methods known at this time." A brief typhoid outbreak last year in Keene, N.H.—traced to contaminated water—killed one person, struck down 18 others. Incidence of infectious hepatitis, a debilitating and sometimes fatal viral disease of the liver, which can be transmitted by polluted water, is up 71% over 1959. Says the U.S. Public Health Service: "The problem of keeping enough water clean enough to protect the public health has become enormously complex, difficult and urgent."

At Cincinnati's Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center, scientists have identified approximately 100 petrochemical compounds—detergents, insecticides, herbicides and solvents—as water pollutants. Says Taft's Bernard B. Berger: "We have no idea how many petrochemicals are in

SMOGGY DAY IN LOS ANGELES

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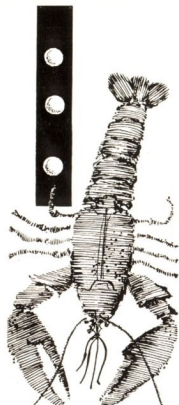


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our streams. But we believe that for every one we've found, we have missed hundreds of others. Our ability to protect water quality has not kept pace with the development of these compounds." The new contaminants are difficult to spot and control; they cannot be removed from the water by current treatment methods. In high enough concentrations, most are toxic to fish, and some have been implicated as taste and odor producers in drinking water, but their effect on human health remains a mystery. An annoying new pollutant: common household detergent, which sometimes disrupts sewage-treatment processes, occasionally turns up in sufficient quantities to make drinking water foam as it pours from a tap. Says Berger: "We expect to get foam in a washing machine or on a beer, but we don't like to see it on a glass of water."

Even in the Great Lakes, where the water in some areas is still so pure it can safely be used to fill the cells of storage batteries, pollution is becoming a grave problem. In Milwaukee three county park beaches along the Lake Michigan shore have been closed to swimmers since August 1959, and last week Dr. Edward Krumbiegel, Milwaukee's health commissioner, warned that two more may shortly be closed if lake pollution is not controlled. Says Dr. John C. Ayers of the University of Michigan: "If laws and treaties are not observed, no place on the Great Lakes will be a safe source of drinking water supply."

The increasing U.S. population is severely taxing antiquated, inadequate sewage facilities. The amount of sewage in the U.S. (over 50 million pounds of solids a day) has increased 70% in the past 20 years, and the U.S. Public Health Service says that 10,000 new municipal and industrial treatment plants must be built, another 1,700 modernized (at a total cost of \$2 billion) just to handle the overload. Some cities have been notoriously lax in sewage control: last month Health Secretary Arthur S. Flemming asked the Justice Department to bring suit against St. Joseph, Mo., where residents voted down a bond issue for construction of a sewage-treatment plant ordered by the Federal Government. Says Secretary Flemming: "The battle must be waged on a broad front—in intrastate as well as interstate waters. If it is not, we may be confronted with a crisis of such gravity as to jeopardize the further growth and development of many areas of the country and even the health of millions of people."

What's in the Food?

Thanks to chemistry, food has never been more abundant, looked more attractive or, presumably, tasted better. More than 4,000 chemicals—ranging from sweeteners and emulsifiers to antispattering agents and chill proofers—are used in the processing, storage and handling of today's food. Most are probably harmless. Many others, taken in small doses, appear to have no immediate effect on human health. But neither does arsenic. The big problem—as with air and water pollution

—is the possibility of chronic poisoning. Many chemical poisons, like arsenic, are cumulative in their effect. Although a single small dose will do no serious damage, some health authorities fear that continued ingestion over a period of months or years may cause tissue damage and death. Cancer-producing agents cause what scientists call an "irreversible reaction," which means that once the process of human cell alteration has started, it cannot be stopped. Sweeping new U.S. laws, violently opposed by the food industry, require manufacturers to prove that the multifarious chemicals used in the growth and processing of today's food are safe for human consumption, even over the years. But there is a big loophole: the only way to prove chemicals safe is to prove by laboratory experiment that they are not unsafe—and many tests are insufficiently reliable.

Although their presence in food supplies is restricted by law, illegal quantities of such contaminants as DDT, penicillin and hormones find their way, by accident or by design, into the U.S. diet. Milk from cows which have been dosed with penicillin and certain antibiotics is supposed to be discarded for at least 72 hours after the drugs have been administered, but penicillin nonetheless occasionally winds up in consumers' milk. Dairy farmers have been known to doctor their bulk milk directly with penicillin to ensure that it will pass Government bacteriological tests. Food and Drug Administration officials concede that unauthorized use of pesticides is fairly common. The big problems: inspection and enforcement of FDA regulations. The FDA's inspection staff is limited to fewer than 500 men, and laboratory facilities for testing crop samples are inadequate. By and large though, food is policed far more strictly and successfully in the U.S. than in any other country. The FDA's 1961 budget for enforcement alone is \$16,852,000. This is probably not enough to do a thorough job, but it compares favorably with the Public Health Service's annual allotment for air pollution research and control, which has never exceeded \$6,000,000.

Today's pollution problem is bad. But by 1970 an estimated 75% of the U.S. population will be jammed into only 10% of the nation's land area, and the dangers of environmental contamination will be infinitely more acute. Says Cincinnati's Dr. Kehoe: "The new and dangerous environment that man has created for himself now provides a challenge to both curative and preventive medicine—a challenge that requires additional types of medical knowledge, new medical skills, and new settings for application of such knowledge and skills." Adds Cornell's Dr. McDermott: "To reduce pollution personally would require changes in our personal habits and costly changes for our industry and our Government. It is pointless to search for a culprit in this situation. Unlike the veteran parent, we cannot say simply, 'I don't care who did it—you pick it up.' We must all pick it up together."



BOOK BINDER

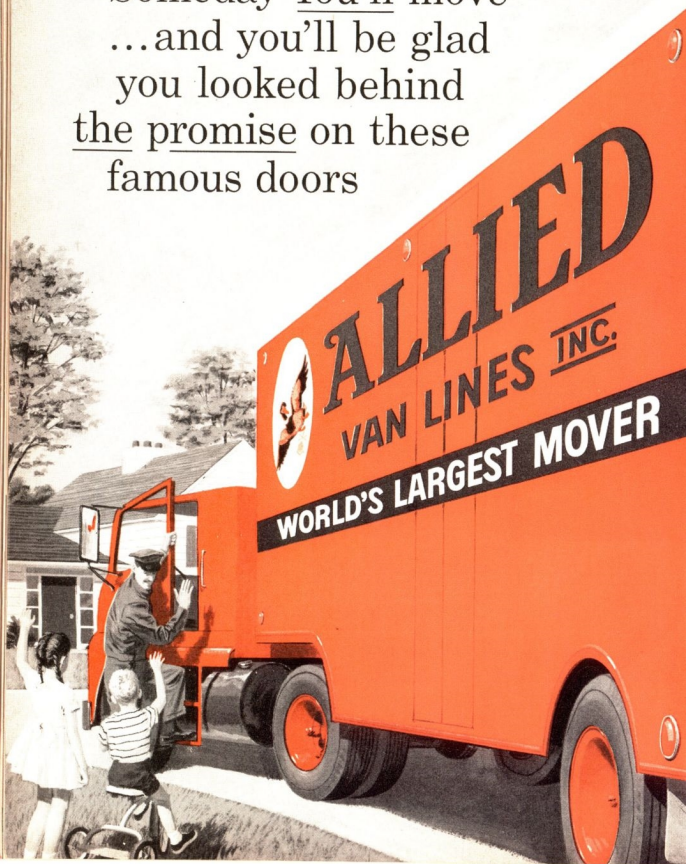
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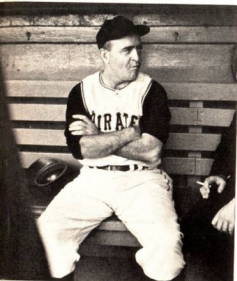
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SPORT

Two for the Money?

In terms of their own natural talent, they were a couple of rinkydinks who seemed far more at home in the backwaters of the Class D Eastern Shore League—where they both began their professional baseball careers. But both men turned themselves into competent major-league players by dint of hustle and dedicated study of every detail of their trade. As of last week the two men had parlayed their baseball know-how into the managerial success stories of the 1960 season. In the National League, onetime Second



Clyde Hart—Black Star
PITTSBURGH'S MURTAUGH
Crimps mean crimps.

Baseman Daniel Edward Murtaugh, 47, was manager of the pennant-bound Pittsburgh Pirates (TIME, June 13). In the American League, onetime Catcher Paul Rapier Richards, 51, was manager of the pennant-contending Baltimore Orioles (TIME, June 6)—win, lose or draw the year's most exciting team. Taken together, Murtaugh and Richards show how savvy baseball pros use contrasting techniques to build winning clubs.

"Any Way You Want." When Murtaugh sits on the bench among his Pirates, he is the classic domineering manager. He peers down at the diamond from beneath a black hedgerow of eyebrows. His nose is played flat, his beard would discourage a blowtorch, a corner of his mouth leaks tobacco juice. But Murtaugh is in fact a gentle ogre who sips milk after a game, claims he never touches the hard stuff, and keeps his hairy hands off the Pirates. Murtaugh realizes full well that overmanaging would crimp the egos—and crimp the play—of the bunch of oddly assorted personalities he has nursed to maturity as ballplayers: Pitcher Vernon Law (19-8), a pious Mormon elder; Third Baseman

Don Hoak (.277), a sulphur-mouthed ex-Marine and ex-middleweight boxer; Shortstop Dick Groat, the intense, introspective team captain (now sidelined by a broken left wrist); and Right Fielder Roberto Clemente (.320), a showboating Puerto Rican. "They're all major leaguers," says Murtaugh. "I give 'em plenty of leeway."

Murtaugh lets his starting pitchers try to work themselves out of trouble instead of jerking them at the first long hit, loyally sticks to the same starting lineup. Says Pirates' General Manager Joe L. Brown, son of the chasm-mouthed comedian: "Dan never pushes the panic button." With little raw power in his line-up, Murtaugh has revived an old-fashioned, single-slapping brand of baseball, leniently lets his players flash the sign for the hit-and-run whenever they see a chance. "Murtaugh lets us use our own judgment," says Hoak, "until it proves to be bad judgment. For instance, this guy Ashburn on the Cubs gives me fits. I play him close to the line and he hits through the hole. I move over and he hits down the line. So I go to Dan and I say 'Hey, Dan, how in hell do I play this guy?' Dan thinks it over and he says, 'He gets 140 or 150 hits a year every year, so play him any way you want.'"

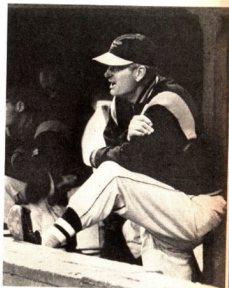
Last week Pittsburgh was plastered with signs reading "Beat 'Em, Bucs," switchboard operators at grimy Forbes Field were greeting callers with "First-place Pirates!" and the solid old baseball town that had waited patiently for a winner since 1927 was running a virulent case of pennant fever. But Murtaugh just kept his Pirates playing stirring quotes elsewhere ("I'm no good at answering questions"), and declined to say a single word about the pennant. One frustrated reporter finally asked Murtaugh if he would admit Easter would fall on Sunday next year. "I dunno," said Pittsburgh's Danny Murtaugh, shifting his cud. "There was a fella once who changed the date of Thanksgiving."

"He Won't Give Up." While Murtaugh's Pirates have not a rookie among the regulars, Paul Richards' Baltimore Orioles have plenty—along with a sprinkling of veterans like 38-year-old Outfielder Gene Woodling (.282) and 37-year-old Relief Pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm (10-8). Richards, a lean, bronzed Texan right out of *High Noon*, leaves the veterans alone (as long as they perform), spends so much time with his kids that he is sometimes accused of overmanaging. "Richards has more patience with his players than any manager around," says Coach Lum Harris, who, as player and coach, has been with Richards for most of 13 years. "He never raises his voice. He is one of the great teachers in baseball."

To turn Rookie Shortstop Ron Hansen into a power hitter (21 home runs), Richards threw away the book, let him use an unorthodox but comfortable stance with

his arms close to his body. Richards' tightly reined patience even solved the apparently hopeless task of teaching Rookie Second Baseman Marve Breeding how to pivot on the double play. "Baseball is repetition," says Richards. "Hundreds of moves all over again. All spring we worked with Breeding, and he couldn't quite make it. Then, ten minutes before an exhibition game in Richmond, he caught on. He got it. The double play." Adds Coach Harris: "I bet Richards showed Breeding what he was doing wrong 500 times. It was the 501st time that Breeding caught on. He won't give up, that Richards."

Richards works by the hour with Pitching Coach Harry ("The Cat") Brechen to develop the Orioles' strong point: the



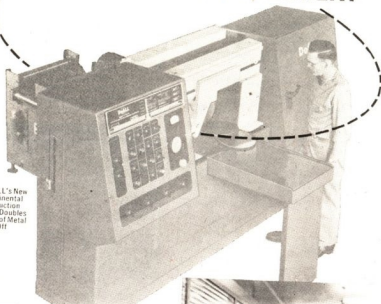
Ed Bailey
BALTIMORE'S RICHARDS
Patience means pennants.

finest crop of young pitchers in the majors. Instead of collapsing, as expected, under late-season pressure, 22-year-old Chuck ("El Stiletto") Estrada (17-9), 21-year-old Steve Barber (10-6), 21-year-old Jack Fisher (12-9) and 21-year-old Milt Pappas (13-10) are throwing harder and more accurately than ever. When his pitchers have their stuff, Richards confidently lets them throw to the hitter's power; when they do not, he may call pitches from the bench (by flashing the sign to an infielder, who relays it to the catcher, who finally passes it on to the pitcher). "His principle is to have us throw the ball over the plate," says Pappas. "He can't stand walks."

Despite the fact that Richards works so closely with his players, none would ever slap him on the back, and few call him anything but "Mr. Richards." Murtaugh may drop into the locker room for a few hands of bridge or gin with his Pirates, but Richards prefers to remain socially aloof from his Orioles: "It's more fun for the players when I'm not there while they're relaxing." As a firm but fair taskmaster, Richards has earned the

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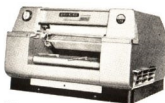


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solid respect of the Orioles, veteran and rookie alike.

In 1955, when he arrived in Baltimore, Richards took one look at his sorry inheritance, began his rebuilding program and declared: "Some day—maybe four or five years from now—Baltimore will have a fine, young team on the field. When that happens, all I ask is that you observe ten seconds of silence in memory of Paul Richards." This season Baltimore has that fine, young team on the field, and Manager Paul Richards not only is still around, but is also granting himself the luxury of reverie: "We may win the pennant. Nobody else has won it yet."

"My Magic Is Science"

One of the most remarkable figures in thoroughbred racing is France's stout, carelessly dressed Germaine Vuillier, 71, the grandmotherly breeding manager behind the traditions and the profits of the famed Khan family stables. In recent months Madame Vuillier's success has even begun to make a racing buff out of the family's spokesman who has always been bored by horses: 23-year-old Karim, the reigning Aga Khan and son of Sportsman Aly Khan, who was killed in May at the wheel of his Lancia. When Aly's will was published last week, it declared that the stables must be sold, but added the proviso that any of his heirs had first priority to buy. Karim himself is expected to be first in line with cash in his hand to preserve for the family the prime racing stock developed by Mme. Vuillier—"la magicienne de l'Aga Khan."

The description makes Mme. Vuillier blush like a Cub Scout den mother who has been praised for her chocolate-chip cookies. "Please don't call me a magician," she says. "My magic is science. My art is genealogy. A good pedigree reads to me as a Bach fugue sounds to a musician. It's heredity that's winning, not the horse. What difference does it make what the horse looks like, so long as he has the correct genealogy?"

Just a Pair. Mme. Vuillier cares so little about the looks of her horses that she seldom visits the stables, almost never goes to a race. Her system of producing a winner begins and ends with a theory of breeding developed by her husband, Colonel Jean-Joseph Vuillier, who ran the Khan stables from 1927 until his death in 1931. The colonel found that hundreds of winning thoroughbreds carried in their veins certain fixed proportions of blood derived from a handful of great horses of the late 19th century. What was more, Vuillier traced the pedigrees of 654 winners back through twelve generations and made the startling discovery that 770/4,096 of the blood of each horse came from an English stallion named Herod, born in 1758. Vuillier then set about breeding horses to duplicate this precise percentage of Herod's blood, plus the proper proportions of blood from the 19th century progenitors. Although she was trained for a career as a concert pianist, Mme. Vuillier absorbed the theory so well that the old Aga Khan himself per-



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sued her to take over the job of breeding manager when her husband died.

Each winter Mme. Vuillier pores over the genealogies of the world's outstanding horses to find the proper blends of blood that will produce a winner. Says she: "Call me, if you will, a 'mixer of cock-tails.'" She avoids the common practice of inbreeding her own horses on the ground that it weakens the strain. She often mates two glue-footed platers. "We're just looking for a pair of horses with the right traits that will dominate in the offspring," she explains. "The chance of producing a winner from two outstanding horses is smaller than if one



Ed Bell

MME. VUILLIER & FRIEND
How those glue-bloods can run.

of the parents is great. Two pluses don't always yield a plus in horse breeding."

The Fever. Mme. Vuillier's calculations have added up to a plus so many times that the Khan family stables are often ranked as the world's best. In all, the family has 85 brood mares and 15 stallions on five Irish and three French farms, in addition runs a "horse hospital" in Lassy for the infirm and the aged. Blood from the family horses ran in the veins of such recent U.S. champions as Nashua and Swaps. Since the start of the 1959 season, the Khan horses have won more than \$1,000,000 in purses, more than earned their keep in stud fees.

"Karim is not yet wholly infected by the racing fever," says Mme. Vuillier, "but he has the bug and it's growing in him." One sure sign of Karim's fever: he is eyeing the rich U.S. stakes, hopes to enter a horse in November's \$100,000 Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, Md. And if, despite the success Germaine Vuillier has brought to his stables, Karim ever does weary of racing, he has a half sister—Yasmin, 10, by Aly out of Cinematrix Rita Hayworth—who has inherited all the family passion for turf and flashing hooves.



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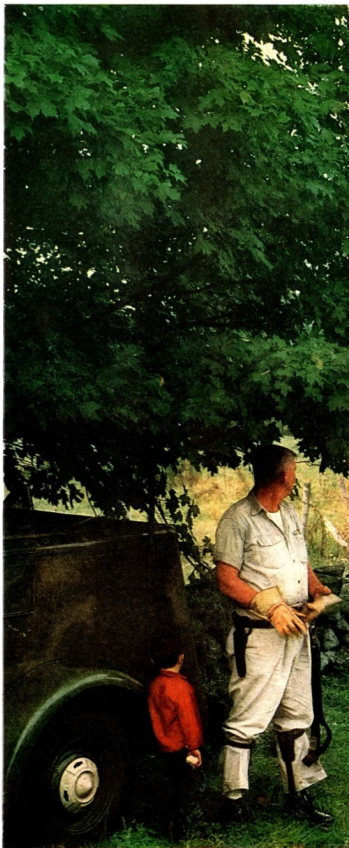
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Octopus, Anyone?

The octopus is very odd.

It is not at all like such mammals as the dog and the monkey, which have brains built on the same plan as humans, even though they are much dumber. The octopus is not a mammal, or even a vertebrate. It is a mollusk, a sort of sophisticated clam. Its brain evolved independently—and the octopus in many ways is an independent thinker. Last week University of Cambridge Zoologist Martin J. Wells was preparing to publish a fascinating study on a far-out subject: the octopus and its intellect.

The main job of any brain is to make the best use of reports from the senses. Wells says that octopus senses are pretty sensible. An octopus eye is built much like a human eye; both have a lens that throws an image on a light-sensitive retina. The chief difference is that the human eye is focused by muscles that change the shape of the lens. In the octopus eye the lens is moved back and forth, like that of a camera, to get a sharp focus. This arrangement seems to work efficiently for octopuses. In fact, the ghostly, slit-pupiled eyes of an octopus may even distinguish between different kinds of polarized light, an accomplishment that human eyes are unable to achieve.

In its eight rubbery arms an octopus has an excellent sense of touch. Its taste sensors, which seem to be concentrated around the rims of the clutching suckers, can detect chemical traces that are barely strong enough to affect a human tongue. It is equipped with a statocyst, an efficient apparatus just below the brain that acts like the gravity perceiver of the human inner ear, telling the octopus which direction is up.



ZOOLOGIST WELLS
Far out on eight limbs.

Food & Shocks. The only way to find out what the octopus brain can do with this wealth of sense information is to experiment with a living octopus. Zoologist Wells explains that the octopus likes to select a "home," a cranny or hole in a pile of rocks, and sit there waiting for food to come within grabbing range. Its perception can be tested by tempting it with bits of food or with things that look more or less like food, and it can be educated by a system of rewards and punishments, such as slight electric shocks. The octopus readily learns, for example, that a square card poked at it must not be touched. With it goes a shock. But an oval card should be seized; right behind it comes dinner.

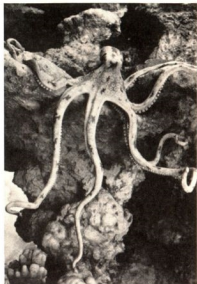
Experiments of this kind have proved that the octopus can distinguish the shapes of objects that it sees and can judge their size and distance. A very large object makes the octopus turn pale and flatten down, presumably from fright. The octopus can tell a vertical object from the same object lying horizontal, but it cannot tell between mirror images—related shapes like right and left hands.

The octopus seems, superficially, to be judging the visual world around it as a dog or human would. But when its gravity-detecting statocyst is removed, it becomes virtually helpless. Apparently its system of telling an object's orientation is to keep its two eyes level, which it does with the help of the statocyst. If this organ is lost, the eyes get out of level, and the octopus no longer knows which way is up—or, for that matter, down. Humans and other higher vertebrates are not handicapped in this way. Their more elaborate brains make allowance for the position of the eyes and keep the world from slanting whenever the eyes slant.

No Picture. When an octopus is blinded by having its optic nerves cut, it still has the delicate touch organs in its eight arms, but it cannot distinguish the shape or size of an object that it touches. All that it can feel is local roughness. The human brain gathers reports from many touch sensors, puts them together and builds up a picture of the object touched. The octopus brain cannot do this, even when several arms are touching the same object. Apparently its central intelligence does not even know clearly where its arms are. In other words, while the octopus is still likely to grab hold of anything that comes close, its brain may have only a vague notion about what that anything may be. This may be of small comfort to the victim.

Death of the Contrail

The white trails left by high-flying airplanes may be a pretty sight in a blue sky, but bomber crews dislike them for good reason: an airplane may look from the ground like an almost invisible speck, but the condensation trail behind it is a gigantic chalk mark shouting "Here I am!" to enemy attackers. Last week the Air Force



American Museum of Natural History
THE OCTOPUS

Pretty sensible for a sucker.

announced that it has found a way to eliminate the familiar, death-bringing contrail.

When aircraft fuel burns, the hydrogen in it combines with oxygen to form more than the fuel's weight of water. If the air is cold enough, which it generally is above 30,000 ft., the water condenses to droplets which immediately freeze into highly visible ice particles. When a big bomber flies at top speed, it marks the sky each minute with 150 lbs. of gossamer advertising.

When scientists at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory started studying contrails for the Air Force and Navy, they found that contrail ice particles are one five-thousandth to two five-thousandths of an inch in diameter. This is small but not small enough. One way to suppress contrails, the scientists reasoned, would be to make their water form particles smaller than a wave length of light. Then they would not reflect light whitely like clouds or snow.

Much of the actual experimental work was done in the Cornell Laboratory's high-altitude chamber. Researchers dressed in Arctic clothing were sealed inside while much of the air was pumped out and the remainder chilled as low as -85° F. Then they lit a small blowtorch with jet engine fuel and studied the captive contrail that it created in the cold, thin air.

What they were searching for was a material to feed into the incipient trail and make its water form ice particles too small to reflect light. Hundreds of materials were tried. At last a hygroscopic (water-attracting) powder was found that promised to do the trick and meet practical requirements. The laboratory built a mechanism to shoot it into the exhaust of one engine of a B-47. It reduced the contrail to a thin wisp a few hundred feet long. Later improvements made the trail completely invisible.

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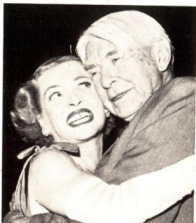
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THE THEATER

New Recital on Broadway

The World of Carl Sandburg, if not everybody's world, has long been a popular one. Over the years Sandburg, who was first a poet of the pioneering Midwest school, has sifted down into a people's poet, a patriarch with a song bag on his shoulder and a new song on his lips. He can be pithy or philosophic, can speak from the heart while poking the funny bone, and speak tenderly of babies and bad women and sad men, and speak up for dreams, and speak out against war, and be often crackerbarrel and occasionally caustic. America has always fancied down-to-earth figures who look up at the stars and whose voices can both ring out



DAVIS & SANDBURG AT OPENING
Substituting high style for homespun. UPI

and drawl, and in the 82-year-old Sandburg it has a notable specimen.

As Norman Corwin has adapted it for the stage and Bette Davis and Leif Erickson act it out, Sandburg's world remains dramatically mild, a little ostentatiously benign, its warm iron-kettle juices mingling the flavor of sage and ham. At its best, an evening whose themes move from the cradle to the grave is both folksy and individual. Often it is less folksy than folksy, and at its worst it is cute enough to make J. M. Barrie seem austere. Nor do Corwin's comments help: instead of stressing the pungent and appealing in Sandburg, he hails him for leaving "obscurantism to the esthetes." But it may be that what Sandburg is leaving to the esthetes is poetry itself.

Aside from bits of writing that sound like Biblical commercials, Corwin's commentary is serviceable. Helped by Guitarist Clark Allen and an opening night appearance by Sandburg himself—who received a standing ovation—the two stars offer a sound recital. Leif Erickson has the right vigor and directness, and if Bette Davis substitutes very high-styled authority for homespun warmth, this is probably all to the good—the real danger was not toughness but tremolo.

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GOOD LOOKING, GOOD READING

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Part two of a continuing LIFE series on the major campaign issues examines the farm problem. You'll learn what both parties' platforms and candidates have to say, how voters feel in one hard-hit area.



Osteopathy

Osteopathy, developed by Dr. A. T. Still in 1874, enjoys increasing medical profession acceptance. In LIFE, science editor Warren Young recounts the long, often bitter history of manipulative healing.



Nigeria

On Oct. 1 Nigeria attains its independence. Thanks to British preparation, another Congo *fiasco* is unlikely. But many problems remain for the nation to solve, as LIFE shows in 14 full-color photo pages.



OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE



ENSOR'S "MASKS CONFRONTING DEATH"

ART

Grim Reaper

"Reason," said the Belgian painter James Ensor, "is the enemy of art. Artists dominated by reason lose all feeling." Ensor himself never ran the risk: in the 80 years he lived, he gave to the world a strange and eerie legacy that sometimes seemed to be the work of a madman. But though he shocked his contemporaries, he ranks today as the greatest Belgian painter of modern times. This week a good sampling of his work went on display at Manhattan's World House Galleries, and a handsome new book, *James Ensor*, by Paul Haesaerts (Abrams; \$17.50), was on sale in the bookstores.

Except for a few excursions into Brussels, he mostly spent his life in the seaport of Ostend, where he was born in 1860. His father, raised in England and Belgium, and Belgian mother indulged him shamelessly. He lasted exactly two years in school, fived in a world of fairy tales, nightmares, the fascinating clutter of his parents' curio shop and an attic that was "full of horrible spiders, shells, old clothing the color of rust and blood, red and white corals, monkeys, turtles, dried mermaids and stuffed Chinamen."

Garbage! At Brussels' Royal Academy of Fine Arts, his salon-painting professors dismissed him as "an ignorant dreamer." He grew into a moody recluse, so pale and thin that some of his neighbors called him the Grim Reaper. His silences seemed endless, but his sudden outbursts could be terrifying. His work began to veer from his first subdued "middle-class interiors" and his early brilliant portraits into a macabre art that was like nothing else being done.

He had experimented with everything from impressionism to symbolism, but he could not abide artists who fastened themselves to one school and then repeated themselves until death. "All rules, all canons of art belch death," he said, and even the famous art circle he helped

found in Brussels—*Les XX*, the most avant-garde bunch of its day—was sometimes too shattered by his paintings to exhibit them. As for the critics, they were perpetually outraged. "Mere daubings!" complained the *Gazette*. "Come, come," cried *Le Patriot*, "it's garbage!"

Masked Folly. Neither king nor beggar was safe from his brush. "My favorite occupation," he said, "is to make others famous, to uglify them, to enrich their ugliness." He painted a world of fiends and skeletons, of ghoulish clowns and grinning, beak-nosed humans at their most frighteningly ridiculous. He became obsessed by carnival masks, used them, not to disguise mankind, but to highlight its folly. His famous *The Entry of Christ into Brussels*—with himself as Christ—is Ensor at his most devastating. Here, surrounding Christ, is a seething horde of pomposity—soldiers, millionaires, judges, art critics—in a word, the Enemy.

But as is so often the case when an *enfant terrible* lives long enough to become a Grand Old Man, Ensor's great talent was finally recognized. He was not only made a baron; he was treated as a kind of national institution. "Here," he said as the honors and eulogies poured in on him, "is an old man grown grey in harness, bent under the yoke of exaggerated tributes." For a man who walked so lonely a path ("Let us resist communion with the mob! To be artists, let us live in hiding!"), his end was pure irony. At his funeral in 1949, bands played, flags waved, and the Enemy descended upon Ostend in force—Cabinet ministers in full dress, ambassadors, bishops, generals, magistrates, and of course the critics. It was a funeral fit for Ensor's brush.

"Hear, O Israel . . ."

Never before had the workmen at Barillet's—the leading stained-glass studio of Paris—known anyone quite like the intense, wild-haired American artist who had come to them in 1958. Abraham

Rattner, 65, was embarked on the most ambitious project of his life, and he seemed unable to tear himself away from it for a minute. He pored over Jewish holy books for inspiration, spent each day at Barillet's rejecting and selecting pieces of glass, watching every move the artisans made as they went about their centuries-old task. The result was worth the effort: a majestic stained-glass window that is to be dedicated after Yom Kippur in the New Synagogue in the heart of Chicago's Loop (see color).

The congregation of the New Synagogue could not have found a man more fitted for the commission, for though Rattner is not an orthodox believer, his Jewish heritage and faith are often the fire behind his art. Born in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., the son of a moneyless baker who had fled from Russia in the 1880s, young Rattner gathered bits of coal along the railroad tracks to heat his parents' home, took whatever odd jobs came along. But what he remembers most vividly about the Poughkeepsie of his youth was the penalty of being Jewish. Only after a kindhearted Irish cop got him boxing lessons was Rattner free of bloody noses.

He started painting in earnest after World War I, when he settled in the French village of Giverny on the Seine. There he would spend hours watching his ancient neighbor Claude Monet paint his lily pond. He went to Chartres and was overwhelmed by the cathedral windows, in Paris became the friend of Picasso, Miró and Braque, before returning to the U.S. for good in 1930. He passed through an impressionist phase, dabbled in cubism. But the rise of Hitler convinced him that any art not primarily concerned with moral and spiritual issues was not for him.

Even now, Rattner speaks with bitterness in his special idiom of the "art burlesque stage of today"—the dehumanized designs that will "freeze one out of his liveliness." His own canvases are often battlefields of hope and despair, evil and salvation—elongated figures imbedded in chunks of burning colors. By comparison, his window at first glance seems almost coldly abstract, but it is in fact a work of passion.

Each color has its meaning inspired in part by the Bible: green for youth, violet for age and wisdom, gold for prophecy. And the window itself is an intricate design of symbols whirling through the cosmos. To the left are the glowing symbols of the Eternal Light, the Flames of the Burning Bush, and the twelve tribes of Israel. In the center is the Tree of Life crowned by the seven branches of the Light of God. The Jewish symbol of the palm becomes a kind of ladder made up of the Hebrew character "shin," the first letter in one of the words for God. The third panel contains the Star of David and a sun surrounded by seven golden balls representing the seven days of Creation. Finally, in slightly distorted Hebrew letters that run along the bottom, is the holy declaration of the *Shema*: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One."



RATTNER'S CHICAGO SYNAGOGUE WINDOW BASED ON THE THEME: "AND GOD SAID: LET THERE BE LIGHT"

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Leave It to the Kids

The school board of Galax, Va. (pop. 5,200) is composed of shrewd men who know how to kill two birds with one stone. Galax has long had a contract to take in white high school students from adjacent Grayson County, and the 285 students cost money. When a federal court recently ordered Galax to take in eight Negro county students as well, the board saw its chance. To save both money and segregation, it simply canceled the contract with Grayson County.

The board did not reckon with the students themselves. Last week 590 of the 598 students at Galax High School fired off a petition demanding that the 285 white students from Grayson be admitted—along with the eight Negroes. The kids raised such a fuss that 1,900 grownups signed similar petitions. Protestant ministers called sharply on the board to act "with respect for every human being and regard for the democratic privileges open to all persons." Faced with such a reaction, the school board hustled lawyers off to Baltimore to ask the U.S. Court of Appeals to stay the integration order. Chief Judge Simon E. Sobeloff refused, and the board had nowhere to go. Result: the kids of Grayson County—white and black—will go to school in Galax.

The New Learning

The bold hypothesis: "Any subject can be taught effectively in some intellectually honest way to any child at any stage of development." The method: early emphasis on the "structure" of each subject—the most basic ideas underlying all science, math and literature. Once grasped, the basics free the mind to explore more complex things with a growing "sense of excitement about discovery."

Thus noted Harvard Psychologist Jerome S. Bruner, in *The Process of Education* (Harvard University Press; \$2.75), summarizes the experience of 35 top scholars, who pooled their theories for improving science teaching last year at a ten-day meeting called by the National Academy of Sciences at Woods Hole, Mass.

As Bruner sees it, mere "mastery of facts and techniques" in education is a dead end. The child learns only part of the story, and unconnected facts have "a pitifully short half-life in memory." Indeed, the only facts worth knowing are those that reconstruct details when needed, e.g., basic scientific formulas. So too, the child must be given the kind of facts that lure him onward. It is one thing to show him a black dot on the map called Chicago. It is altogether different to teach him the basics of social and economic geography—and then give him a map with physical features but no place names. He may locate Chicago at the junction of the three lakes, near the Mesabi range or on the rich soil of Iowa. But he has given thought to the matter.

Understandable Terms. When is he "ready" to give thought to what? "As far as I am concerned," says Mathematician David Page of the University of Illinois, "young children learn almost anything faster than adults do if it can be given to them in terms they understand." Apart from re-educating teachers in the real fundamentals of their subjects, the trick is "translation" to the child's way of viewing things at each stage of mental development.

Swiss Psychologist Bärbel Inhelder suggests some translations. For example, a five-year-old thinks that a tall glass contains more water than a flat bowl. Shown



Will Rappert

PSYCHOLOGIST BRUNER
Any subject, any child, any age.

that glass and bowl contain equal amounts, he is learning the principle of the invariance of quantities. In fact, a grade school teacher with a roulette wheel may turn out students more skilled in probabilistic reasoning than a college professor with a course in statistics.

Courageous Leap. Psychologist Inhelder thinks that the first two years of school might be devoted to just such exercises, a "pre-curriculum" that would make formal science and math easier later on. Psychologist Bruner suggests that literature may be taught the same way. Given the first part of a story, a child could be trained to complete it as a tragedy or a farce long before he understood those words. A young child should be introduced early to great human themes. "A curriculum ought to be built around the great issues, principles and values that a society deems worthy of the continual concern of its members."

One obstacle to such learning, says Bruner, is the lack of intuitive thinking in U.S. schools. "The shrewd guess, the fertile hypothesis, the courageous leap to

a tentative conclusion—these are the most valuable coin of the thinker at work." Yet in most schools, "guessing is heavily penalized and is associated somehow with laziness." The trend is to analysis—and not necessarily the thinking kind.

Wrong Winners?

Able and needy students, so the story goes, are the sole beneficiaries of the nation's \$100 million annual college scholarship kitty. Last week this legend got a hard bounce from John L. Holland, research director of the National Merit Scholarship Corp., biggest dispenser of private scholarship money in the land. In *College and University*, Holland argues that too much money is going to conformists with little creative talent and often enough money already.

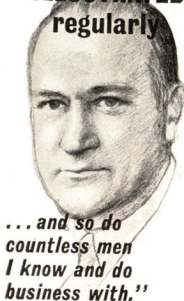
Holland and his associate, Laura Kent, say that one-third of all college scholarship money is controlled by 50 prestige colleges, which attract the nation's wealthiest students. Their "need" was made clear in a 1957 report that only 18% of Harvard's scholarship holders came from families with incomes below \$4,000. Worse, such colleges' "reliance on test scores and high school grades has led to a relatively narrow kind of talent-searching—the search for good grade-getters." And grade-giving usually favors the conformist, says Holland, not the independent creator, who may have far more potential talent.

He adds: "It is imperative that we learn as quickly as possible how to identify the creative person, so that we can seek out and encourage such students. They should not be penalized for their failure to play the 'good-boy' role or to satisfy the pointless demand for 'well-roundedness' by dissipating their energies in a frenetic round of extracurricular activities and 'good works' . . . We must re-examine the use of scholarship aid funds, the selection of students, the meaning of grades, the effectiveness of teaching practices and the impact of college training if we are to conserve and develop our intellectual and creative resources."

\$20,000 Bet

As both a priest and a psychologist, Father Raymond A. Roesch, 46, is a persuasive fellow. Last year he became president of the Roman Catholic Marist University of Dayton, which needs persuasion. Dayton is one of the biggest private colleges (6,296 students) in a state brimful of good ones, but its main products are piety and basketball. Some of its academic departments operate on budgets as low as \$1,000 a year. Last week Father Roesch passed on some newly won presidential wisdom: U.S. foundations "bet on horses that have won before." Then he launched a real horse race: Any department that comes up with a decent educational idea this year will get an extra \$20,000. "We want something lasting, something that will influence the university's thrust toward excellence, something worthy of national significance, something that will prove to the educational world that the University of Dayton is serious."

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RELIGION

Dialogue for Siblings

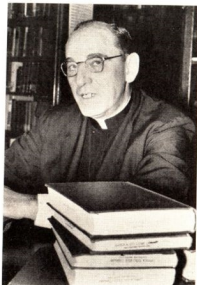
In the sibling rivalry of the Christian family, Protestants and Catholics often carp at each other more like brothers and sisters than brethren in Christ. This kind of religious infighting in which slights outweigh insights has no appeal to Jesuit Theologian Gustave Weigel, professor of ecclesiology* at Maryland's Woodstock College. In the current issue of *The Catholic World*, Father Weigel provides an equably tempered, coolly reasoned analysis of what he calls "The Protestant Stance Today." Conventional Protestants who have given the matter little thought may be somewhat surprised at Father Weigel's spade work in the intellectual subsoil of the ground they stand on.

As Father Weigel sees it, three qualities characterize the style, or stance, of American Protestantism: 1) audacity; 2) intellectuality; 3) modernity. In each he finds a virtue and the defect of that virtue. By audacity, Father Weigel points out, he does not mean "a bullying spirit, much less rudeness." It consists rather of "a naive and energetic thrust forward from an idea sincerely conceived. From Luther's day onward, simplicity of soul and freedom of the spirit were always characteristic of the churches of the Reformation." Liberal or fundamentalist, the Protestant derives an "enthusiastic assuredness" from his "unconcern for tradition." The virtue of this attitude is the tolerance of diversity. But this tolerance is paradoxical. The Protestant "is tolerant of anything but intolerance, and the insistence that the Christian faith must be doctrinally one is for him intolerance." The Protestant is not necessarily annoyed by specific Catholic doctrines, e.g., the physical presence of Christ in the Eucharist; what makes him "bridle" is the statement that this or other doctrines "must" be held by the Christian. The minus side of Protestant audacity and tolerance, says Weigel, is a logical lack of "total consistency."

St. Immanuel. Disagreeing with those Catholics who "glibly say that Protestantism is emotionalism," Father Weigel insists "it has an intellectuality. It favors scholarship and has always produced it." Scientific exegesis of scriptural texts has been "mainly a Protestant endeavor." But Protestant intellectuality, according to Father Weigel, is empirical, skeptical, relativistic, qualitatively derived from Kantian philosophy ("Immanuel Kant has rightly been called 'the Protestant Thomas Aquinas'"). Scientifically approached, God, or at least the historical Jesus, becomes "the great unknown." Argues Weigel: "There is here a despair of knowledge." Protestants evade this despair by a leap of faith powered by the will: they make an act of trust on a meaning and power we do not see nor under-

stand. Religion is thus a call for decision."

This process "fascinates and frightens the Catholic," whose church "insists that the intellect can reach truth absolutely." The Catholic position is equally amazing to the Protestant, who believes that "relativism is the most man can expect from his knowledge" and that "certitudes do not derive from knowledge but from voluntary decisions." These opposed methods, according to Father Weigel, render a Protestant-Catholic dialogue very difficult. "Epistemology (i.e., what and how things can be known) divides Catholic and Protestant much more than



THEOLOGIAN WEIGEL
More insights than slights.

the tenets of their respective beliefs. Both sides will agree that Jerusalem is in Palestine and that there are 27 books in the New Testament. Things of this kind do not divide us. When it comes to the ultimate meanings of the phenomena, we are in conflict and there seems no way but the grace of God to get us out of it."

Cultural Winds. As for modernity, "the Protestant is up to date." He sails easily before the prevailing cultural wind: "When sociology was in ascendancy, the gospel was the Social Gospel; when pessimism overcame optimism, Neo-Orthodoxy was pessimistic. When the spirit of the age is literalistic, then Protestants have a Puritan worship, but when symbol becomes meaningful to the people, Protestant worship is liturgical." Modernity creates an atmosphere of freedom but also displays "resentment against pure intelligence. Modernity gloats in showing that the intelligence of yesterday was really folly."

So wily and ubiquitous an imp is modernity that even wary Father Weigel seems to grant it the last word—in his title.

* The study of social phenomena resulting from religious motives.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The World of Apu (Edward Harrison) completes, in alternations of suffering and joy, one of the most vital and abundant movies ever made. Based on a bestselling Bengali novel by Bibhutī Banerji, the picture was written, produced and directed as three separate pictures by a 39-year-old Calcutta film buff named Satyajit Ray (pronounced Sawt-yaw-jit Rye). Each of the three lasts about an hour and 45 minutes and stands as a separate and complete cinema experience in its own right. But the moviemaker intended his trilogy ultimately to be seen and judged as a single immense discursive epic in the Indian tradition—as a modern *Mahabharata*.

Part 1, called *Pather Panchali* (The Lament of the Path), describes the hero's childhood in the innocence and violence of a village in Bengal. Part 2, *Aparajito* (The Unvanquished), tells how he lost his father and left his mother in order to make himself a modern man. Part 3, called *Apur Sansar* (The World of Apu), begins with a slyly humorous description of how the young man (Soumitra Chatterjee) spends his can't-afford-salad days of bohemian genius in Calcutta's slums. Suddenly one day a college friend carts him off to a country wedding that has an unexpected and fateful conclusion. The bridegroom proves to be insane, and in order to save the bride (Sarmila Tagore*) from the curse that will fall upon her if she is not married at the appointed hour, Apu makes the noble gesture and marries her himself. To his amazement he falls in love with the girl, and for a year they live a garret idyll in Calcutta. Then she dies in childbirth. Almost insane with grief, Apu throws his novel, his career and almost his life away, but he finds himself again in his relation to his son, in his duty to the future, in his love of life.

As a piece of craftsmanship, *The World of Apu* is the finest film of the three. Director Ray, who had never turned a camera before he started shooting *Pather Panchali*, began his trilogy with incredible strokes of beginner's luck, but he ends it with deliberate mastery of the medium. He has superb control of his camera. His images are continuously beautiful but never obtrusive; they rise out of the story as naturally as thoughts rise out of the pool of Vishnu—there is nothing arty in Ray's art. By the same token his actors act, not with the usual bombast of Oriental drama, but as though the camera had found them alone and simply living; and they live, as few characters in pictures do, real lives that swell to the skin with pain and poetry and sudden mother wit. Actor Chatterjee, as a young man too gifted to be strong, provides an unforgettable object of the Biblical lesson (*Luke 16:8*): "... the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the chil-



CHATTERJEE & TAGORE IN "APU"
The generosity of genius.

dren of light." And Actress Tagore, though she looks as mysterious and lovely as an Apsaras, nevertheless comes off the screen as a lustily healthy young woman, essentially down to earth and up to tricks.

Director Ray reveals moreover an order of poetic insight and a gift of visual anecdote that combine to produce some astonishing effects. In one scene the tenderness and bliss of a whole honeymoon are pressed into a moment when the young husband wakes in the same bed he had used as a bachelor and, listening to his bride as she cheerfully makes breakfast, lifts in silent wonder from beside his pillow one of her fallen hairpins.

Taken as a whole, Ray's film has the generosity and the prodigious variety of genius. Nevertheless, to moviegoers accustomed to the visual shorthand of Hollywood's clichés, it will probably seem sometimes to mander in Oriental obscurities, to go the long way round to nowhere. Ray might well reply that life itself usually takes the same route and reaches the same destination, and this movie is obviously intended to be like life—not like other movies.

High Time (20th Century-Fox) is a fast flashy funny 103-minute \$3,000,000 CinemaScope De Luxe Color parody of an old-fashioned college musical, released just in time to catch the back-to-school business. It stars Bing Crosby—back on campus as a 51-year-old freshman. He is the owner of a chain of 1,433 restaurants who decides to let somebody else mind the store while he gets the education he could not afford as a boy.

Bing's undergraduate experience is presented in four acts, each describing one

of the four years of college. The first three years rush along, like a well-executed locomotive yell, at a relentlessly accelerating rate of rah-rah and ha-ha, and if the last year somehow loses momentum, it does not much matter—the audience needs a rest by that time anyway. Bing gives it the old college try, and if he cannot sing so well as he used to or act any better than he ever did, that does not much matter either. A younger generation—represented mainly by France's Nicole Maurey, by a sort of Elvis Presley with muscles called Fabian, and by a starlet known as Tuesday Weld, who displays at least as much acting ability as Monday Wash—takes over with plenty of energy, if not much style. And Director Blake Edwards runs the show with all sorts of technical razzle-dazzle: the wide-screen wipes are a clever touch, the hurry-ups are corny but funny, and some of the blackouts are just great.

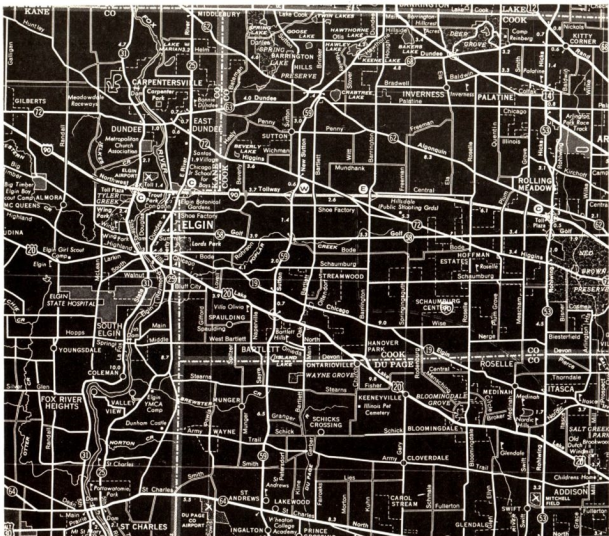
Carry On, Nurse (Anglo-Amalgamated: Governor Films). "Good heavens, no!" the male patient sputters shyly to the two young nurses who propose to remove his drawers. "I'll do it myself if you don't mind." They do mind, and with Amazonian zest they pants the poor chap and dump him in the sack. "There now," one of them remarks, "what a fuss—about such a little thing!"

The incident sets a standard that the rest of this bedpan farce from Britain rarely tries to rise above. The picture begins with a public shave, continues with a ceremony involving a suppository, settles down to some steady vomiting, wakes up with a scene full of toilet-paper streamers.

The humor of these situations may largely be lost on people who have successfully completed their toilet training, but the phenomenal popularity of *Carry On, Nurse* would suggest that they are not in the majority. Produced for less than \$250,000, the film last year made more money (\$1,400,000) than any other picture exhibited in England, and in international distribution it smashed house records from Stockholm to Singapore. Offered to Manhattan's picky midtown exhibitors, *Carry On, Nurse* was thumbs down as "one of those British jokes that nobody here will get." So it opened in Los Angeles without benefit of New York reviews, and there, after 27 weeks in the same theater, it is still going strong. It is still going strong in Denver and St. Louis (17 weeks), in Boston (16 weeks), in Chicago (16 weeks), in Dallas (15 weeks), in Milwaukee (12 weeks). Across the U.S., in fact, it has already netted its distributors more than \$1,000,000 in film rentals alone, and will probably triple that total. Gross earnings, cash across the counter, are expected to approach \$10 million.

The end, moreover, is not yet. *Carry On, Nurse* is just one of a series of sillies (*Carry On, Sergeant*; *Carry On, Teacher*; *Carry On, Constable*) that Anglo-Amalgamated plans to release in the U.S. and seems prepared to carry on indefinitely.

* A distant relation of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengalese poet who died in 1941.



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WORLD TRADE

The Flight of Gold

In the world's money marts last week, all the talk, the worry and the news was about gold. The price of gold in London hit \$35.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce, highest since London's free market reopened six years ago. The swelling demand for gold by the world's bankers, as well as by private investors, reflected the troubled political state of the world and uncertainty over which way the U.S. economy—and thus the value of the dollar—is headed.

One of the big buyers last week was the Bank of Italy, flush with the dollars from Olympic Games' tourists; it seemed to be hedging its bet against any further cheapening of the dollar. Other major purchasers were Middle Eastern residents, panicky over the Jordanian bombings, who were converting their currencies into the safest of all assets. The rising purchases and rising price sounded a new warning to the U.S. Treasury, which has been steadily losing gold for three years. This drain, as Chase Manhattan Bank Vice Chairman David Rockefeller said last week, though no cause for immediate alarm, is "perhaps the most serious international economic problem this country faces."

If it continues, the rising price of gold may well increase its flight from the U.S. Until now, the sudden new demand for gold has been chiefly met by sales in London, since it has been cheaper to buy it there than in the U.S. While the U.S. always stands ready to sell gold for \$35 an ounce, thus setting the "official" world price, purchasers who want to keep their gold abroad have usually found that service and shipping charges push the delivered price of U.S. gold up 25¢ to 30¢ an ounce over the London price. But last week's rise brought the two prices about even. Any further rise will make U.S. gold cheaper, and increase shipments. However, no one expects the U.S. to change the basic price for gold.

A Good Thing? When big U.S. gold losses began three years ago, U.S. officials and foreign bankers regarded it as



a good thing, a sign that the booming health of Europe had once more made trade with the U.S. a two-way street. Foreigners piled up trade balances in the U.S., which they often converted into gold. The trouble was that the U.S. was not selling enough goods abroad to balance U.S. outward flow of money on imports, capital expenditures abroad and foreign aid.

This year the U.S. had hoped to make a sharp cut in its balance-of-payments deficit, which ran as high as \$3.8 billion last year. Last week it looked as if the 1960 deficit would be around \$3 billion, instead of the goal of \$2.5 billion or less. Coupled with this big deficit is a current factor, the slowing of the U.S. boom and the talk of recession, which has caused the Federal Reserve Board to ease credit.

As a result, foreigners began to turn their U.S. short-term holdings into gold to invest it at higher interest rates abroad.

While the U.S. lost only \$126 million worth of gold in the first six months, another \$391 million has been lost since June. Last week another \$50 million in gold left the U.S. The big question: How much more of these foreign credits will be converted into gold and taken away?

All told, foreign nations have about \$21 billion in short-term claims against the U.S. (see chart). Theoretically, they could turn all these into gold. Since the country has only \$18.9 billion in gold reserves, the lowest total in 20 years (some \$11 billion of which is pledged to assure a minimum of 25¢ in gold backing for every dollar), they could clean out the vaults. Actually, no expert thinks there is the remotest chance of this happening. But what many an economist does worry about is the way in which these huge foreign claims may hamper the Federal Reserve Board should it try further anti-recession actions. If credit is eased more and U.S. interest rates drop while the rates stay up abroad, the pace at which credits are turned into gold is bound to speed up sharply.

Sharp Watch. How much gold might the nation lose? Treasury experts estimate that only about \$1 billion is rest-less money, but no one really knows. Foreign bankers are keeping a sharp watch on the U.S. economy. Few foreign economists see any real flight from the dollar. But if and when the FRB decides the time has come to take strong anti-recession measures, it will find itself in a new position. It will no longer have the complete freedom it once had to push interest rates down in order to push business up. In doing so, it might further increase the worrisome outward flow of U.S. gold.

RAILROADS

The Strike Everybody Lost

Along its 10,000 miles of mainline track raced Pennsylvania locomotives pulling empty cars to flake the rust off the rails. Safety crews hustled to inspect thousands of switches. After a twelve-day shutdown, the Pennsylvania Railroad—the nation's

TIME CLOCK

BAN ON FOREIGN STEEL and other imported construction materials by Texas highway department raised storm of protest from foreign nations. None can be used in any state highway construction project. Texas steel producers claimed that cheap foreign steel was hurting business.

CARROL SHANKS, president of Prudential Insurance Co., has pulled out of deal with big Prudential borrower, Georgia-Pacific Corp., which could have given him capital gains, huge tax savings. Investigation by New Jersey Banking and Insurance Department found no law violation, but furor led Shanks to conclude that "it would be

impossible to provide (policyholders) with anything like a reasonable perspective in this matter."

NEW "AIR BUS" between Pittsburgh and Miami will be started next month by Eastern Air Lines, if CAB approves. The service will use piston planes, will cost only \$40 (plus tax), less than bus or rail fares or the present daytime air-coach fare of \$53.60.

WORLDWIDE CONTROLS on oil prices are being planned by Venezuela and the Middle East oil producing countries aroused by recent price cuts in crude by major oil companies. Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iraq and

Iran formed the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries to present a united front in dealing with oil companies, want to ban price cuts without prior consultation with producing nations.

ALUMINUM CUTBACK looms unless orders and sales for the metal turn up, warned Reynolds Metals Co. president, Richard S. Reynolds Jr. His company has already cut back capital spending, soon may slow market and new-product research. In the first half of 1960 Reynolds' earnings fell to \$13 million and 66¢ per share v. \$21 million and \$1.10 per share the first half of last year.

biggest freight and passenger line—last week started to roll again.

As expected, Mike Quill, boss of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Transport Workers Union, claimed a notable victory, saying: "The Pennsylvania Railroad has been dragged kicking and screaming into the 20th century." But the Pennsylvania's Chairman James M. Symes was closer to the truth: "Quill finally made an agreement he could have had without a strike." All the points in the settlement were offered by the road before the walkout; the argument was mainly over the wording.

On major points of dispute, the T.W.U. and the System Federation union, which also struck, demanded that the Pennsy 1) stop farming out its equipment for repair, 2) define all jobs in specific terms, and 3) take the pipe work away from the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way members and give it to members of the System Federation. The Pennsy agreed to define jobs, let its own shops repair the equipment if the cost is not appreciably higher. The jurisdictional dispute over the pipe work will be settled by an A.F.L.-C.I.O. arbitration committee.

In all, employees lost \$14 million in wages by the unnecessary strike. The Pennsy lost about \$40 million in revenues.

Equal Rights for New Lines

The Interstate Commerce Commission last week put a newly merged railroad on the tracks and gave it a shove. It approved merger of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Erie into the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad, which will be based in Cleveland, will operate 3,000 miles of line in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Then it rebuffed the efforts of both the unions and competing railroads to hamstring the new road.

So worried are the railroad unions about the increasing trend toward merger that they challenged the commission's interpretation of the Transportation Act of 1940. What the act really says, contended the unions, is that no employee can be fired until four years after a merger. Not so, said the ICC. Any attempt "calculated to preserve unneeded jobs would unduly restrict" the merging roads, declared ICC. It held to its old interpretation that the merging roads are only required to offer either severance pay or other jobs to unneeded employees.

Competing railroads asked ICC to limit severely the new line's right to carry freight on its own new through routes. The ICC flatly turned down the requests, which it said would "freeze" the present traffic pattern. It gave the new road a free hand to go out and find business.

ENTERTAINMENT

Trouble in Freedomland

Freedomland opened in New York's Bronx three months ago with a blare of publicity billing it as the world's largest outdoor entertainment center. But it has been no fun for its promoters. Last week they were scratching to round up fresh

capital to pay the park's bills and keep it operating.

The woes of Freedomland began even before the first spade of earth for the 205-acre playground was turned. A plan to sell stock to finance the venture flopped; William Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp, which owned the land and leased it to Freedomland's promoter, the International Recreation Corp., had to buy 40% of the stock for \$7,000,000. This financing proved too little—partly because builders overshot the estimated \$17.5 million construction cost by \$4,500,000.

Too Many Customers. On opening day last June, 60,000 people, more than twice the number anticipated, came to Freedomland. This might have been good, but it was bad; the crowd struggled to walk through the semicompleted park, raised a storm of complaints and bad feeling. This was only the beginning of the trouble. A

Too Little Cash. Webb & Knapp fired or demoted Freedomland's managers, cut operating costs from \$40,000 to \$25,000 a day, jumped adult admission charges from \$1 to \$1.50. In August, says the new management, the park made an average operating profit of \$20,000 a day. But W. & K. is still stuck with 40% of the stock and \$4,000,000 in unpaid construction bills—and the stock, issued at \$17.50, has plummeted to a low of \$6.25. To meet these bills, Bill Zeckendorf is preparing a plan for new financing, to save both Freedomland and Webb & Knapp's Freedomland Inn, a \$6,000,000 motel which is being built on the property adjoining the park and which would be relatively worthless if the entertainment center folded.

In a characteristically complicated financing plan, Webb & Knapp will buy \$11.5 million in convertible debentures from International Recreation, which will



SPECTATORS AT THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE EXHIBIT
What was good was bad.

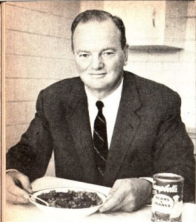
Ben Morita

few days later, a stagecoach overturned, injuring ten people. Then three hoodlums robbed Freedomland's cash-control office of \$28,836, and escaped. They were nabbed last week with only \$14,563 left.

Great crowds stayed away from Freedomland. Enthusiastic officials had originally estimated that the 1960 attendance would reach 4,800,000 before the park closed in October, and that the average day's crowd would run to 37,000. Attendance fell off to 20,000 a day, forcing revision of the seasonal estimate to 1,700,000 people. Barricades to hold back crowds at the Chicago fire exhibit were often hardly needed. Business on weekends, the most crowded time at other New York entertainment parks, dropped 20% below the weekday rate. The park lost money on all but the biggest days. To protect its investment, Zeckendorf and Webb & Knapp, which had stayed out of International Recreation's management, stepped in and took charge.

use \$3,000,000 of this sum to pay off its construction bills, use the remaining \$8,500,000 to buy the leases of Webb & Knapp's Astor, Manhattan, and Commodore Hotels, thus returning the cash to Webb & Knapp. With the purchase of the debentures, Webb & Knapp will have further control over Freedomland and an \$18.5 million stake in it. The park will be run by officials appointed by the real estate firm. By taking over the midtown Manhattan hotels, Freedomland will have a year-round income, hopes to be able to offset hotel profits with playground losses.

Bill Zeckendorf was scratching for ready cash in several other quarters last week as he continued the retrenchment program started to pay off his expensive short-term debt and complete his major projects under way. For more than \$5,000,000, he sold his 200-year lease (with options) on Manhattan's posh St. Regis Hotel to Mexico's Cesar Balsa, 37,



RUSSELL C. HAMILTON

Campbell's Mr. Soup

WILLIAM B. MURPHY

FEW U.S. executives take work home with them more regularly—and attack it with greater relish—than William Beverly Murphy, 53, president, chief executive and final taste maker of Campbell Soup Co., the world's largest producer of canned and frozen soups. Every night Murphy has soup for dinner. It may be a new soup from Campbell's experimental kitchens, a staple variety whose quality Murphy wants to check on, or he may relax with his favorite—tomato soup mixed half-and-half with milk. Whatever it is, he knows what he likes and what the U.S. consumer likes. Last week Campbell's reported sales for its 1959-60 fiscal year were up 4% over last year (to \$516,190,278), per-share earnings up 16% to \$3.71, the best ratio of profits to sales in the industry.

Both figures are records for the 91-year-old company, and something of a milestone in an economy where a cost-price squeeze has cut many a business profit this year despite larger sales. Furthermore, President Murphy last week announced that prices of 17 of Campbell's 102 products are being reduced—and none increased.

Much of this is Bev Murphy's doing. In the seven years since he became Campbell boss, one-third of the company's 102 current products have been added to the Campbell line. He was one of the first to sense the housewife's increasing demand for the so-called "convenience" foods. In 1954 Campbell introduced the first frozen soups. After Omaha's C. A. Swanson & Sons brought out the first successful frozen TV Dinner, Murphy recognized a good thing. Campbell bought Swanson's in 1955, has doubled the Swanson line, reduced the cost of a TV Dinner by one-third.

THIS was all in the Campbell tradition. In 1897 a young Campbell chemist, Dr. John Thompson Dorrance, invented one of the first convenience foods, condensed tomato soup. He piled up a fortune of \$115 million from soup before he died in 1930. Today Campbell sells everything from frozen blueberry pie to spaghetti sauce.

Like Dorrance, Murphy has a background in chemistry. Born in Appleton, Wis., Murphy went to the University of Wisconsin (B.S. in chemical engineering,

1928), joined Campbell in 1938. After a wartime stint on the War Production Board, he came back to Campbell as executive assistant to President James McGowan Jr. When McGowan retired in 1953, Murphy took over and began moving fast to give the venerable company a newer look.

One of his first decisions as president was to assign 20 engineers to work on automating the canning industry, traditionally resistant to technological advance because of the necessity of hand-sorting of foodstuffs. Campbell's engineers devised an electronic sorter for rice grain, another for vegetables. To preserve the reputation for quality of Campbell products year in and year out, Murphy's tasting boards check soups and other foods coming off the production line in Campbell's nine major U.S. plants every hour of the day. At 11 a.m., the manager and his executive assistants at each plant pause for spot taste-testing. If the celery in Sacramento's soup, or the carrots in Omaha's TV Dinner, are the wrong color or taste, the whole production batch is thrown out. Campbell once destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of tomato juice because it failed to measure up to Campbell standards.

ONE of Campbell's biggest changes under Murphy is in the handling of employees. When he took over, things were little changed from Dorrance's day: even vice presidents had to report personally to the president when they were going to be away from the Camden, N.J. offices during business hours, even for a trip to the dentist. Executives were discouraged from participating in community affairs. Murphy, who earns a salary of \$180,000 a year, has given his executives their own hours, shown the way in outside activities, e.g., he heads up the Crusade for Freedom campaign to raise money for Radio Free Europe. A blue-eyed six-footer who once ran the high hurdles for Wisconsin, Murphy plays what he calls "a bad game of golf," a sport he returned to after years of playing "a bad game of tennis."

Under Murphy, Campbell has built four new U.S. and Canadian plants, is currently investing heavily in overseas operations, plans to build new plants in Australia and Latin America. Next year Campbell will spend \$24 million for capital improvements and more than \$6,000,000 on research into new products and plant economies. The reason, explains Murphy: "By 1970, we believe the growth rate of convenience foods will more than double the growth rate for foods in general."

a onetime bellhop whose nine-hotel chain in Mexico City and Acapulco is the largest in Central America. The sale completed the financial ledger begun last February when Webb & Knapp bought the St. Regis for \$14 million. Two months later it sold the hotel to Manhattan's Kratter Corp. for \$11 million, kept operating control. Webb & Knapp's estimated profit on the St. Regis deals: \$2,000,000.

In another, similarly complicated move, Zecendorf sold his 99-year lease on the 70-story office building at 40 Wall Street, the world's fourth-tallest office building, to London's City & Central Investments, Ltd. for \$15 million. Last year Webb & Knapp bought 40 Wall and the land beneath it for \$32 million, sold the land and the building to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. for \$20 million, retaining the lease. With the sale of the lease last week, Webb & Knapp's profit on the 40 Wall transactions is estimated at \$3,000,000.

MODERN LIVING

Don't Do It Yourself

For many a helpless housewife and hapless weekend handyman, life's most nagging little crisis is an encounter with a leaky roof, a broken window or a clogged drain. Professional repairmen are hard to find, harder to pay. The do-it-yourself books often produce only frayed tempers, flayed thumbs. Last week, from Los Angeles to Long Island, the unhandy were entrusting chores to a new and spreading U.S. service: the home-repair club.

The new clubs supply homeowners with good repairmen around the clock, guarantee their work. When Hurricane Donna swept across Long Island's Nassau County last week, more than a thousand homeowners with flooded basements, leaking roofs and fallen trees put in urgent calls to Allied Homeowners' Association of Roslyn, one of the biggest and most bustling of the U.S. home-repair clubs. The crews of some 30 Allied contractors, from plumbers and tree surgeons to swimming-pool pumpers, went right to work. In recent weeks, Allied also supplied a cotton candy maker for a children's party, searched for a woman's contact lenses in vacuum cleaner dust, drew up estimates for the cost of building a pool and shelterhouse for a duck that a twelve-year-old camper brought back from camp.

Across the U.S., home-repair clubs retrieved a Pasadena woman's emerald ring that had been inadvertently flushed down the drain, exterminated night-chirping crickets that kept a Long Island insurance agent awake, sent a geologist to a Pacific homesite to estimate the danger of rock-slides for a nervous homebuyer.

No Padding the Bill. Most of the several hundred home-repair clubs are patterned after the first don't-do-it-yourself club, United Home Services, Inc., which started in Los Angeles in 1954. United signed up a stable of contractors to do the jobs funneled to them through the club, now has 400 to handle an average 200 calls for service a week. The home-repair clubs handle all the paperwork,

CONTROL



James H. Worth, Vice President, Celanese Chemical Company, a division of Celanese Corporation of America

"Moore forms help us save \$16,000 a year in billing"

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from error. The forms are designed and made by Moore. They are the company's control in print.

"The Moore man's advice on paperwork was invaluable to us," said James H. Worth, Vice President, Celanese Chemical Company. You'll find the Moore man's knowledge of all kinds of systems can help you get the control your business needs. Look him up in the Yellow Pages, or contact the nearest Moore office. No obligation, of course.

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MOORE BUSINESS FORMS



Jayne and Audrey Meadows, sister TV and stage stars, comment on the most experienced jetline in the West...

"Take it from us...Continental rates a double 'Emmy' for the best performance by an airline!"

We picked our way through the litter of flashbulbs to arrive by Jayne and Audrey. They are both crisply radiant young women. "Meadows girls," we began, assuming the reporter's classic neutrality, "how did you like your first Golden Jet ride?"

"It wasn't my first," said Audrey.

"Mine either," said Jayne.

"You're begging the question."

"The food's too good," Audrey volunteered. We smiled back. "I like the interior, too. Whoever did it can come do my house next." We supplied Charles Butler's name.

"This system of no check-in lines or gate lines," Jayne quipped, "it's a very

good system. Only it's named wrong. They call it 'Instant Boarding.' But everybody knows with Instant *Anything*, you add water. Continental adds champagne!"

"Good point," we murmured, writing fast.

"Say," Audrey broke in, "I watched some television during the flight."

"Sort of a busman's holiday?" we asked.

"I guess. Didn't watch long though.

What's an old movie without popcorn!" We agreed, then filled the pause. "Would you care to sum up your impressions of the Golden Jet?"

Jayne smiled. "Need a headline, eh?"

"Hmm," Audrey said. "How about 'Take it from us...Continental rates a double Emmy for the best performance by an airline! How's that?'"

"Restrained," we answered, "but good!"





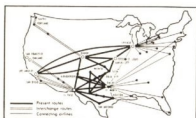
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send bills to customers, skim 10% of the plumber's or painter's fee in exchange for giving him the job. The customer who joins the club (for about \$5 to \$15 a year) thus can pay for all his repairs in one monthly bill. The home-repair club is no quick road to riches (clubs in Detroit, Chicago and elsewhere have gone broke), but many clubs prosper on their customers' problems. Long Island's Allied expects to contract about \$1,000,000 worth of business this year through its 5,000 members, take in an additional \$46,000 from franchise rights to 70 other clubs.

Though professional repairmen are a notably independent lot, they flocked to sign up with the home-repair clubs, seldom try to pad their bills to make up for the 10% club fee. Reason: they save more than 10% by using the club since it assumes the costs of advertising and billing, keeps nonpayment of bills down to 1% v. sometimes as high as 10% for nonclub clientele. Moreover, the ready-made market shoots up business. TV Repairman Kenneth Daniel's business has doubled in the year that he has been affiliated with San Francisco's Homesmith Inc.

Bartenders & Cowboys. The householder also benefits. The best home-repair clubs take pains to find honest and efficient contractors, follow through to make sure the work is done properly at reasonable prices. It usually is; the contractor knows he stands to lose not one but hundreds of customers.

The successful clubs vary widely in the services they perform, the customers they serve. Washington's Services Unlimited will supply bartenders for diplomats but not baby sitters or liquor. Long Island's Allied lists some 250 regular chores—plus 150 special services, such as entertaining at parties. One of the cheeriest jobs was performed by a tree surgeon for Chicago's National Home Owners Club. Called to "fix a tree," he was confronted with a 14-ft. Christmas tree that needed decorating. He did a glad job—for \$25.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

Australia, which gave the world the benefits of the Hula Hoop, last week was exporting a new craze—the wobble board. Made of Masonite, the 2 ft. by 3 ft. board, when wobbled, gives off a gloomp-gloom sound, like water going down the drain. With it youngsters can keep the beat to a wacky lament of a dying rancher called *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport*.[®] Australian parents are wobbling under the board's gloomp. The craze has spread to Great Britain, where already 100,000 records have brought the resonant beat of

the wobble board. Last week there were signs that the wobble-board craze was threatening to catch on in the U.S., as *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport* began turning up on jukeboxes across the nation.

The wobble board is the discovery of a beat-bearded Australian named Rolf Harris, 30, a cabaret and TV singer who also has aspirations to become a painter. One day in 1958 Harris propped an oil portrait on Masonite board on top of an oil heater to dry. When the board got too hot, he grabbed it by the edges and wobbled it back and forth to cool it off. As he did, out came a resonant twang like the sound of a tight-skinned bongo drum. Harris decided the sound was just the background he needed for his kan-



ROLF HARRIS & WOBBLE BOARD
From hoop to gloomp.

garoo song. Harris recorded the number, and soon *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport* rocketed to the top of the Australian best-seller list.

Shortly after, the young son of the general sales manager of the Masonite Corp. (Australia) Ltd., an affiliate of the U.S. company, saw Harris wobbling his oil painting on a TV show, told his father about the "man making a whooping sound with a piece of Masonite." The Masonite people enlisted Harris in a promotion stunt, turned out 200 boards as giveaways. "We never dreamed what a mad flap was in store for us," says Sales Promotion Manager Bob Jones. Demand was so great that the company began selling the boards, had to hire extra hands for the increased production. In all, more than 55,000 boards have been sold in Australia.

Just in case the craze catches on in the U.S., the Masonite Corp. has already set up a production line for kangaroo-stenciled boards in its Elizabeth (N.J.) plant. The company does not expect to

® Sample verses:

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate,
Watch me wallaby's feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate,
So watch me wallaby's feed.

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde,
And that's it hanging on the shed.

Why do people buy stocks?

That's easy. To make money.
Money in the form of dividends.
Money in the form of capital appreciation.

Does everybody who buys stocks make money?

No.

Do we think you can?

Yes.

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Because, over the years—since the turn of the century in fact—common stocks, included in Standard & Poor's Index of 500 issues, have gone up in price an average of 3% a year. Some did better, of course. Some not so well. But the average rise has been 3%.

Reasons enough for you? Maybe.

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That's why we've always said you should only invest *extra* money. Money you don't need for living expenses, insurance, or emergency.

But if it is *extra* money you're talking about, we can't think of a better place to put it than good common stocks.

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make any money on the boards (it lost 2¢ per board in Australia) but it does expect rich rewards in free advertising—even if it means adopting a kangaroo as a corporate image.

The Dangers of Wit

The world's least inhibited air traveler has long been Air-India International's advertising symbol, a little maharajah with striped turban and quivering wax mustaches. He thinks nothing of matching *entrechats* with a Moscow ballerina—or since transatlantic service began in May—swapping his turban for a Texan's Stetson and a pair of shooting irons. So distinctive is the maharajah that the American Society of Travel Agents in 1950 voted All first place in a 400-entry travel poster contest. This year the Indian Society of Advertisers gave its top award to the maharajah's originator, Air-India's commercial director, S. K. ("Bobby") Kooka. Despite such honors, Indian politicians last week were demanding the elimination of the maharajah.

Spoons & Spooners. The trouble began when Member A. M. Tariq rose in the lower house, Lok Sabha, in New Delhi to point an accusing finger at the passenger information booklet, "Foolishly Yours," put out by the government-owned line. Though the booklet, decorated with a cover showing the maharajah in his undershirt bowing low after spreading his robe, Sir Walter Raleigh-fashion, for a boarding lady passenger, had been in use for twelve years and 400,000 copies distributed, Tariq said he was just now beginning to burn at the "ridiculing" of the Indian people. One cartoon showed a port-bellied, satisfied male passenger giving a fond farewell embrace to an airline hostess who, meanwhile, is retrieving the airline's silverware from his pockets. Asked Tariq: "is it proper to portray Indian Nationals stealing cutlery?" At that a fellow legislator roared throbblingly that the spooning spoon-snatcher was wearing a Gandhi cap, the headress identified with the dominant Congress Party.

Tariq was even more outraged at the way sex found its way into Air-India's publicity. Near New Delhi's Palam Airport, he said, he had seen an Air-India billboard displaying "the nude figure of an Indian lady" riding on a white horse. This brought Transport Minister Dr. Parameswara Subbarayan to his feet to defend Indian womanhood. The lady was no Indian, said Subbarayan, but an Englishwoman, Lady Godiva. Not in the least mollified, Speaker of the House Ananthasayan Ayyangar, in shocked tones, related that he had seen signs in Air-India planes warning lady passengers: "When lights are switched off, take care that the pilot does not kiss you."

No Back-to-Bed Call. Air-India publicity men indignantly denied that their planes carry such beware-of-kisses signs. But the misunderstanding was at least partly Air-India's fault. In its kidding way, "Foolishly Yours" had glamorized Air-India's skippers as "a cross between Gauguin and Lady Chatterley's lover,"



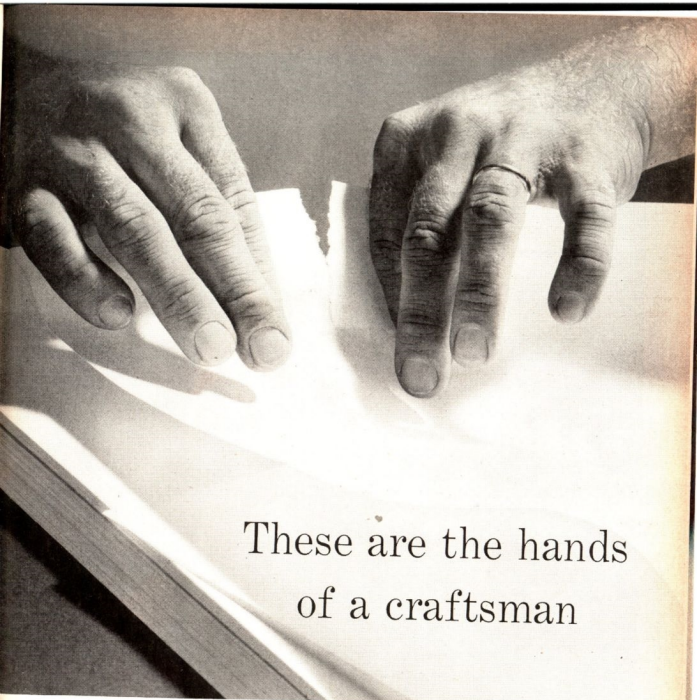
M. Umash Rao
AIR-INDIA HOSTESS FRISKING PASSENGER
Watch out for the pilot, too.

warning husbands, "When you see your captain making a beeline for you, transfer your wife and wallet to the other side." It also had titillated hopes for airborne dalliance by informing passengers on overnight sleeper flights that, contrary to the practice in certain renowned Indian resort hotels, no predawn gong would warn straying husbands or wives to get back into their respective beds.

At session's end, irate Speaker Ayyangar scheduled a 30-minute debate on Air-India International's flip public relations image, then canceled the debate after friends of the airline management asked him to tone down the attack. In thus sniping at Air-India, politicians gave more ammunition to Socialist-minded Indians, who are ever alert to attack the successful line for its free-enterprise way of doing things. The line was founded in 1948 by J.R.D. Tata, 55, India's leading industrialist, was nationalized in 1953 (Tata got \$28 million for his stock) though Tata has continued to run it without pay. At the same time, the government took over a profitable Tata-owned domestic line, and seven others, to form the domestic Indian Airlines Corp.

Since then Air-India has steadily expanded until it flies 30,000 route miles to Japan, Australia, Africa, Britain and the U.S.—the first Asian line to fly the Atlantic—added Boeing jets to its fleet. While Air-India makes money, the domestic Indian Airlines loses, partly because of its higher fuel costs and the necessity of flying some uneconomic routes.

While some younger Indians saw nothing more than an old-fogy reaction to Western-style promotion, the opinion was by no means unanimous. As for the maharajah symbol, the Bombay weekly *Current*, edited by D. F. Karaka, a friend of Tata, said, "it is true that elsewhere in the world they still believe that India is a country of rajahs, snake charmers and fakirs. But should a national airline doing business abroad continue to encourage an idea that is not only false but stupid?"



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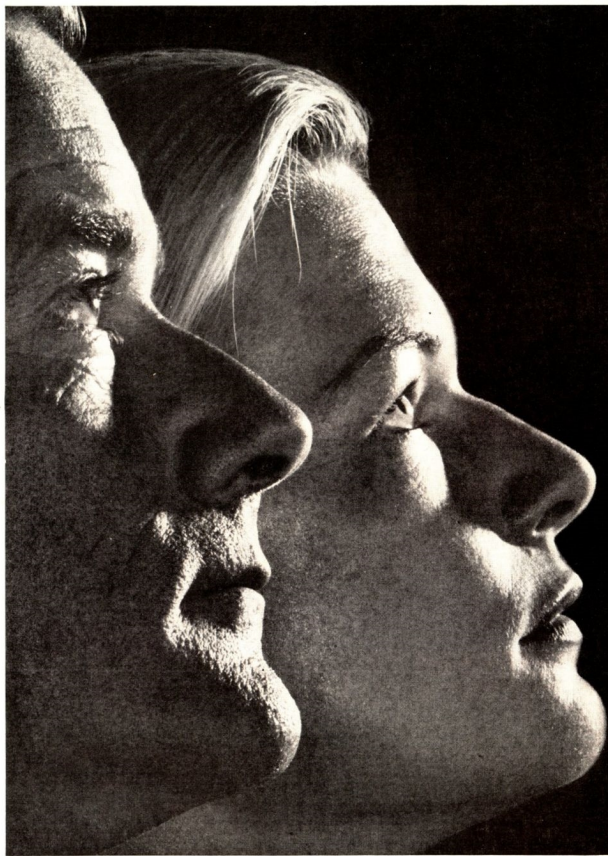
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There are many practical applications: space-relayed communications and television, improved world-wide weather forecasting, precise navigation aids, manned flight to the moon and beyond, and other benefits yet unknown.

This is not science fiction; nor is it beyond our time. America has already launched a "talking" satel-

lite; we have already sampled cosmic conditions more than 22 million miles from earth; we have already made weather predictions based on pictures taken from orbiting space-cameras.

The key to Space is power: the power of rocket engines. The Free World's leading producer of large rocket engines is North American Aviation's Rocketdyne Division. The giant propulsion systems that have launched nearly all of our space flights—including the Pioneers, Discoverers, Explorers, Midas, Tiros—have been produced by North American. Now being tested are even more gigantic NAA-built rocket engines capable of powering manned flight into space.

Through the efforts of corporations like North American Aviation, America is leading the way for the peaceful use of Space for all the peoples of the earth.



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September 14, 1960

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Write for *free* booklet about your great future. THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL, Box 10, Midtown Station, New York 17, N. Y.

MILESTONES

Married. Tommy Sands, 23, gyrating rock-'n'-roll bawler, now at parade rest on a six-month Air Force stint; and Nancy Sinatra, 20, the *Nancy with the Laughing Face* in the 1944 hit song of Father Frank who remarked shortly after the engagement, "It's good to have another singer in the family because I'm getting tired" in Las Vegas, Nev.

Married. Jake La Motta, 30, onetime middleweight boxing champion, a bloated (190 lbs.) sometime cinema extra since his retirement in 1954, who recently admitted he had taken a dive in a 1947 fight with Billy Fox; and Sallye Carlton, 23, slender ex-Manhattan model; he for the third time; in Manhattan.

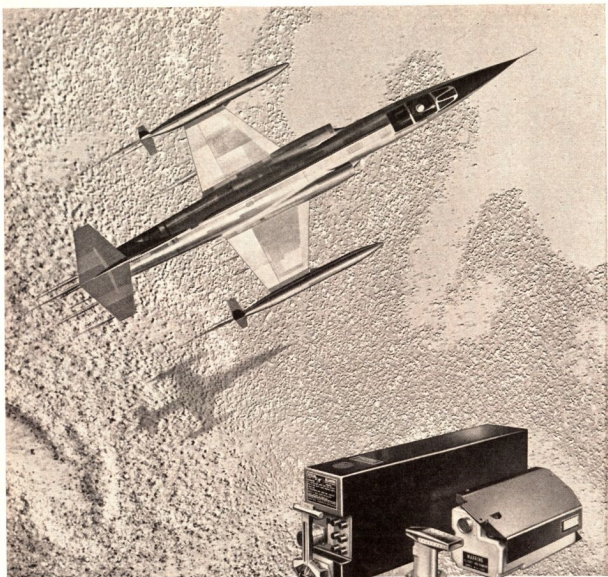
Died. Thomas Carey Hennings Jr., 57, Democratic Senator from Missouri since 1950; of abdominal cancer; in Washington. A courtly descendant of Southern slaveholders, Tom Hennings was a Senate Judiciary Committee champion of civil rights and liberties; recognized as one of the Senate's best legal minds, he saw his finest hour in leading the successful 1954 battle against the Bricker Amendment to limit the President's treaty-making powers.

Died. David Lewis Cohn, 63, Mississippi-born writer and social commentator, a onetime national advertising manager of Sears, Roebuck, who in 1940 spun a best-seller (*The Good Old Days*) out of three decades of the firm's catalogues, wrote feelingly of the Negro (*God Shakes Creation*), pessimistically about the chances for rapid integration (in his nostalgic *Where I Was Born and Raised*), admiringly of his political party (*The Fabulous Democrats*), and disparagingly of what he considered the infantile U.S. husband and his characterless wife (*Love in America*); of a heart attack; in Copenhagen.

Died. J. (for John) Cheever Cowdin, 71, investment banker and onetime eight-goal polo player, who left prep school at 18 "to pitch right into business" as a J. P. Morgan & Co. clerk, later became a financier and director of numerous U.S. aviation firms, served from 1936 to 1949 as board chairman of Universal Pictures Co., Inc.; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Sir Harold Gillies, 78, New Zealand-born pioneer in British plastic surgery, who mended 10,000 disfigured servicemen in World War I, ex-King Leopold of Belgium after a 1935 automobile accident and actresses and other women ("Certainly a beautiful woman is worth preserving"); of a stroke; in London.

Died. Arthur Cutts Willard, 82, president of the University of Illinois from 1934 to 1946, a mechanical engineer specializing in air conditioning, who perfected the ventilation system for the New York-New Jersey Holland Tunnel; of a heart attack; in Urbana, Ill.



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The Good Neighbor

THE MAN NEXT TO ME (175 pp.)—
Anthony Barker—Harper (\$3.50).

A missionary doctor, according to one Zulu schoolboy, "prays over you before he kills you." It is a fair measure of Anthony Barker's own humility that he concedes some truth to the schoolboy's definition. As an Anglican medical missionary on a Zululand tribal preserve, Barker has indeed prayed for (and among) his charges. As a district surgeon battling impossible disease with often inadequate tools, he admits to times when a life may have been shortened by his fumbling instead of lengthened by his skill.

The Man Next to Me is British Dr. Barker's journal of an African experience that is still going on. Written with self-effacing simplicity, the book bears little relation to the Big Game Hunter's travelogue, or to the kind of man-with-a-cause book that lets the reader see clearly how noble the author is. Most of Barker's record is painstakingly unspectacular: daily contacts with household crises, the long nights' journeys into human understanding when a patient is saved by candlelit surgery, or when one more dark-skinned child is brought into a segregated world.

A Modest Improvement. Barker had been lured by Africa since his childhood donations to church missionary work. He met his wife Margaret at medical school, and they left for Zululand together in 1945. Their assignment was St. Augustine's station, founded in the 1880s by an archdeacon who had earned local fame as a healer with one modest improvement on witch doctors' methods: he routed out decayed teeth with pliers instead of a spear or rusty nail. The hospital was 40 miles from the nearest railway; when the

Barkers took over, it was an iron-roofed bungalow compound inhabited by a poorly trained staff of nine, seven invalids, two cows and a fat pig.

To the Barkers' surprise, patients were at first embarrassingly scarce. The Zulus aloofly decided to see what the doctor could do before entrusting him with their bodily ills. Community status came in time; with it came Barker's discovery that the Zulu's ritual way of thinking made medicine an exercise in etiquette as well as a practical science. No visit to a tribal chief, healthy or not, was complete without an injection or, at the least, the prescription of a placebo. On house calls, a patient remained untended, no matter how ill, until the end of a lengthy dialogue of familial greetings ("Are you all well at your place?"; "Yes, we are well; we ask after your home and your people") carried on by doctor and the chief of the household. Even in emergencies, no case could be admitted to the hospital without consultation with the family head; week after week Barker dispatched telegrams to the mines near Johannesburg, hoping to reach some far-off Zulu father before his child died of neglect.

A Mysterious Brew. Despite all his efforts, Barker found that serious ailments were often still taken first to a diviner, on the theory that no white doctor could solve the "illnesses of the people." Barker has considerable respect for the sincerity of the witch doctors, who regard their vocation as divinely inspired—but very little for their knowledge. One of them tried to cure Barker's hay fever with a mysterious, gagging brew that "tasted like a Scottish peat bog." It didn't work, Barker adds.

Barker writes of his African education, and of the shy, proud, solemn Zulus who taught him, with compassion, humor and a certain sense of shame. He is no revolutionary, but nonetheless shares, with Novelist Alan Paton and the crusading Anglican priest Trevor Huddleston, a searing hatred of *apartheid* and its works. Barker's own hospital community was, and still is, racially integrated—not to satisfy any liberal belief, he says, but simply because it is natural: in so small a social organism, survival depends upon each man's becoming a good neighbor to the man next to him. For his adopted homeland, Barker offers neither panacea nor prophecy, only a prayerful Christian hope that the missions' work will not be rejected by black Africa.

Between Proust & Waugh

CASANOVA'S CHINESE RESTAURANT (229 pp.)—Anthony Powell—Little, Brown (\$4).

Anthony Powell, a novelist whom British Critic V.S. Pritchett has ranked with Evelyn Waugh, and whom Evelyn Waugh has ranked with Proust (though "more realistic and much funnier"), is almost totally neglected in the U.S. It is not that Powell is dull; he is indeed much funnier than Proust (though not, perhaps,



NOVELIST POWELL
Molehills can be interesting.

to the French). It is not that his subject matter is so special as to be outside U.S. sympathy; by now, British upper and middle class life should be less exotic to the U.S. reader than Yoknapatawpha County or the gas-filled pads of Jack Kerouac and his pals. The reason must lie in the curious economics of publishing, which dictate that his current work be issued as a separate novel. It is not a novel. It is the fifth installment* of a work-in-progress titled *The Music of Time*, which is being imported piecemeal, under what seems to be a secret treaty between the U.S. and British publishers imposing a limitation on the tonnage of newly launched authorship.

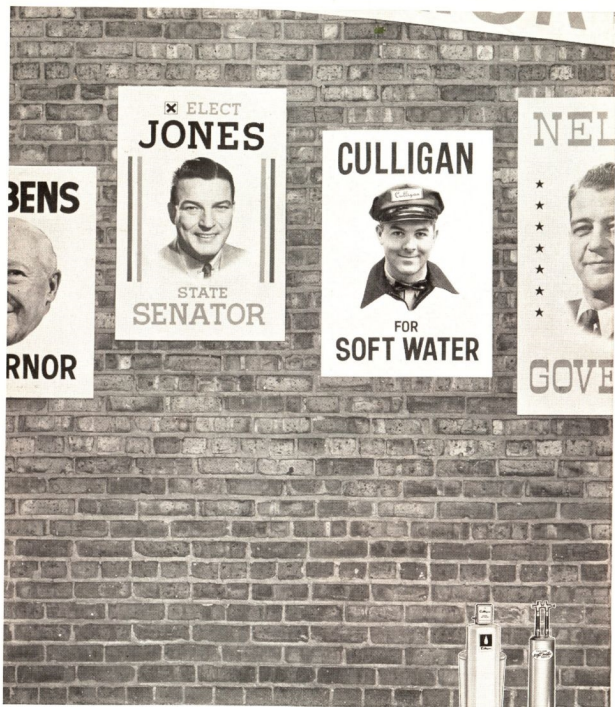
Readers unaware of the Powell (rhymes with Lowell) plan may feel aggrieved at the apparent inconsequence of episodes in which characters appear for no other reason than that they are well known to the author and he has not yet decided on the manner of their deaths. Powell's esthetic argument seems to be that this is how people run across each other in life—why not in a book? Once this convention is accepted, the reader will be richly rewarded if he succumbs to a Powell addiction.

Philosophical Conundrum. For those who came in late, it should be explained that *The Music of Time* is narrated by Nick Jenkins, who, like Powell, is of Welsh origin, with family connections with Army and "County," went to Eton and Oxford, and is currently engaged in literary criticism. Previous installments have taken Nick through school and university, and have looked fixedly at English high life and business. The current episode concerns that curious interbellum miscegenation between Society and the Arts dealt with so

* The others: *A Question of Upbringing*, *A Buyer's Market*, *The Acceptance World* (TIME, Feb. 20, 1956), *At Lady Molly's* (TIME, Aug. 11, 1958).



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TIME, SEPTEMBER 26, 1960



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brilliantly in the satiric masterpiece of Wyndham Lewis, *The Apes of God*. Its period is that Slough of Despond known as the Late Thirties, and nowhere else has the moral despair of that time been better described. It calls to mind the philosophical conundrum: "If a man tossing a coin to a one-eyed beggar blinds his good eye, is his action praiseworthy?"

The scene is London, and Nick Jenkins is still the sad Seeing-Eye dog for a troupe (if that can be imagined) of comic blind men. Stringham, a once-brilliant fellow and his close friend at school, is now under virtual house arrest as an alcoholic by his sister's former governess. Widmerpool, a great comic creation who represents Business in Powell's mind, has soared to the skirts of Mrs. Simpson's "set." The Tolland family, whose head is Lord Warminster, illustrates the vast confusion of the British ruling class at the time, ("I haven't been in Spain for years," says Lady Warminster. "I liked the women better than the men. Of course they all have, English nannies.") Depression, the approach of war, the abdication, all are enacted in the wings; Powell's characters, like those of Jane Austen (who never bothered hers with the Napoleonic wars), are at center stage, though they always seem to be talking about someone in the audience.

Civil Observation. What of the future of *The Music of Time*? It may confidently be predicted that deaths in the cast of characters will be more frequent. They are getting no younger, and besides, they cannot all come through the war with a whole skin. Will we learn anything about Nick's marriage to Isobel Tolland except that she had a miscarriage? How will "Chips" Lovell get on with Priscilla Tolland? The addicted reader can hardly wait. Meanwhile it would seem to be a safe bet that Narrator Nick Jenkins will be commissioned, like Author Powell, in a posh regiment (Powell was an officer, first in the Welch Regiment, then in intelligence), and will later continue, in London and in the vanishing English countryside, Powell's own course as gentleman of letters.

For those with a taste for such things, Powell's *Music of Time* is brilliant literary comedy as well as a brilliant sketch of the times. Nothing like Powell's enterprise has been seen in English letters since Dickens and Trollope went bashing out their three-decker serials. His talents are rare without being exotic. He is neither a visionary nor a *voyeur*, but an observer—civil, ironic, amused, curious. By now, he seems to know his characters so well that he has developed a sort of courtesy toward them. Critic Pritchett has warned him of this danger—of the "risk that his characters will become so familiar and real to him that he will cease to make them important to us."

The warning is perhaps too late. In *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*,* too

* A London restaurant with an Italian name, Chinese cuisine, French décor, English waitresses and interracial clientele, taken by Powell as a symbol of his theme of cultural confusion.

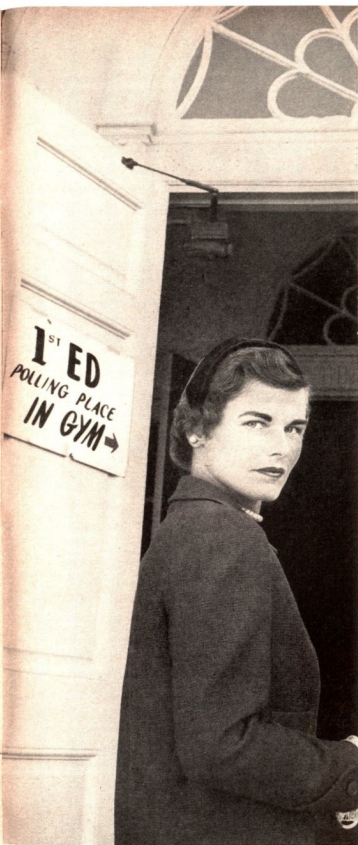


PHOTO: HARRY MERRIS STURGER

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ON NOVEMBER 8th your wife and 56 million other eligible American women will outvote men in a Presidential election for the first time in our history.

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Influential as the American woman will be nationally, she will be even stronger locally, for her political interest increases closer to her home—and her family. More than 600,000 active members of women's political clubs watch closely over the actions of local governments. All in all there are an estimated 20 million women affiliated with 600 organizations dealing with all kinds of civic affairs.

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many events happen offstage (people get married and die, as it were, in parentheses), and Powell seems to have thrown away the novelist's Godlike privilege of always being in at the kill. But he retains other advantages: he does not fake, he does not invade bedrooms or invite others into his own; he is an artist of the public event. Powell seems to be giving an account of events that are still current, of living while he writes—unlike Proust in his cork-lined room, who evoked things past in order to live again when life itself was done and over with. Powell has not yet created one of the mountains of literature, but his molehills, for those with the leisure to watch, can be quite as interesting as the moles are when they are seen heaving up their moving midge-tumuli under the surface of an English lawn.

In Love & Anger

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN (471 pp.)—James Agee, Walker Evans—Houghton Mifflin (\$6.50).

This remarkable work came close to never seeing print, let alone the literary respectability of a new edition two decades after its first appearance. Originally rejected as an article for *FORTUNE*, it was expanded into a book, was again turned down, then was finally lured out of a drawer in Greenwich Village by another publisher, who brought it out in 1941. Many reviewers were harsh on Author James Agee. Less than half of the book's 2,500 copies were sold, and the rest were slowly remaindered. But gradually *Famous Men* came to life in a sort of readers' underground. It is now reissued in a fine and welcome new edition.

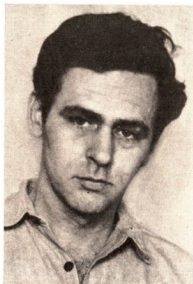
Famous Men tells of a month spent in the pine cabin of an Alabama sharecropper during the summer of 1936. The book begins with 64 starkly beautiful photographs by Walker Evans, probing into the timeless peasant homes and sun-squinting faces of the Deep South, then ravaged by the Depression. Despite centuries of Anglo-Saxon inbreeding, the faces seem Latin; these same lean, starveling families could have emerged as easily from the caves of the *Mezzogiorno* or the baked hills of Mexico.

Call of the Blood. In this new edition, Photographer Evans supplies a graceful memoir of James Agee, later movie critic for *TIME* and the *Nation*, who died suddenly in 1955, when only 45, before the publication of his finely wrought Pulitzer-prizewinning novel, *A Death in the Family*. In 1936, says Evans, black-haired, husky Jim Agee seemed younger than his 27 years and still retained "a faint rubbing of Harvard and Exeter." Though likable and above average as an individual, he "didn't look much like a poet, an intellectual, an artist, or a Christian, each of which he was." Agee's own view was darker. He saw himself and Evans as "two angry, futile and bottomless intelligences in the service of an anger and of a love and of an indiscernible truth."

In a backwoods, off-the-map hamlet that he calls Hobe's Hill, Agee and Evans

lived with a tenant farmer named George Gudger, made frequent side visits to the ramshackle farms of Fred Ricketts and Bud Woods. Tennessee-born Jim Agee felt the call of blood as well as the vast bond of compassion, since his father's people had come down from the hills back of Knoxville. But Agee also felt that he was an alien and a spy, prying into the lives of an "undefended and appallingly damaged group of human beings." He tried to find at least partial absolution in sleeping in beds that swarmed with fleas, lice and bedbugs, gasping through the offal stench, and ignoring his nausea to "eat for a few weeks what a million people spend their lives eating."

Agony & Rapture. Today Agee's anger still sweeps with gale force. He rails against prospective buyers of his books because they will presumably read in com-



POET AGEE (1949)
Lanterns in the darkness.

fort, hates equally the New Deal and Marxist simplicities; the one because it thinks that simply increasing production will improve the lot of the dispossessed, the other because it finds easy solutions in the class war. At bottom, Agee is most agonized by himself, for he is emotionally drawn to the tenant way of life while intellectually condemning it. The personal love he felt covered every commonplace occurrence, so that when taking a late night meal with George Gudger and his small-boned wife, Annie Mae, it seemed to Agee that "we held quietness, gentleness and care toward one another like three mild lanterns held each at the met heads of strangers in darkness."

The book is not always easy to follow, for this is the work of a man talented, poetic, idealistic, imitative and vastly young. The prose is interspersed with poetry, with long swooning riveries in which Agee follows every freshet, creek and stream into the mighty Mississippi. He was aware of his faults and lamented

that young writers "roll around in description like honeymooners on a bed."

Together with the Joycean yelps, the fury, and the love of the poor and deprived, Agee steadily retains the artist's supreme gift: he can bring even a reluctant reader into the heart of his own experience, make him taste the greasy mnemonic food, smell both the odor of human sweat and the scent of sun-ripened pine, and see just how "a little wind laid itself in a wall against the glistering leaves of a high forest" with "a long, sweet granular noise of rustling water."

Son of P.P. Rides Again

THE TIGHT WHITE COLLAR (288 pp.)—Grace Metalious—Julian Messner (\$3.95).

Novelist Metalious' latest effort, again designed to prove that New England is a place where people can get into trouble with their skirts off, bears the same relation to her first two books that a B-girl does to a prostitute: its implied promise is sex in return for money, but what it delivers is merely a phony hotel room key and a whiff of perfume. A certain amount of houghmagandy does occur ("His touch on her body was the lightest she could ever imagine and it awakened every single nerve . . ."), but it is pallid stuff compared with the rape, incest, flagellation and other veneries of *Peyton Place* and *Return to Peyton Place*. If Author Metalious continues such deception, her readers will all go back to Jack Woodford, the U.S.'s leading plain-wrapper author (*Dangerous Love, Illicit*).

Students of her art will remember that Novelist Metalious interleaved the gummi passages of her first book with hearty descriptive exercises celebrating the passage of the seasons among the granite hills, and that in the second book all this rhetoric was removed. The excision not only left the characters squirming about with an embarrassing lack of privacy, like residents of a motel whose walls had suddenly been plucked away, but it robbed the reader of the harmless delusion that the author was attempting literature. The present work reinstates a page or two of classy nature-walk prose, but cuts out almost all narrative.

What remains is a scrawny tale about a young schoolteacher who tries to get hired in a nasty town called Cooper's Landing, but succeeds only in being cuckolded. Every so often the author introduces another character and halts all action for a couple of chapters while she tells how he achieved his present wretchedness. The measure of how feeble are the author's efforts is that the major shockers concern a servant girl who becomes pregnant, a woman who bears a Mongolian idiot, and a young man who will not admit that he is a homosexual. Novelist Metalious shows herself to be a woman of taste in telling this last episode; her custom is to describe heterosexual claspings in considerable detail, but after the smoldering line, "Come here, David," the young invert's carrying-on is swathed in silence.

SPECIAL REPORT

from United States Steel

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

turn page for the story





RLA's drafting room where ideas take shape. The men here are product designers.



Raymond Loewy (right) and William Smith.



How industrial design is changing the world we live in

It is incredible but true that all design flows from six basic forms—the circle, square, triangle, sphere, cube and pyramid. It is even more startling to learn that today the art of wedding form to function is a 40-million dollar business.

It's called industrial design and in this country alone there are approximately 180 design firms employing 1400 people who devote most of their waking hours to shaping things to come. Thousands of other designers work for manufacturers. Why are these practitioners of change on the American scene?

The revolution. It started with the industrial revolution that replaced craftsmen with engineers. Mass production put product design in the hands of production experts. Their job was to make a product at reasonable cost that would work. But the maxim "if it works well it looks good" didn't hold water. Manufacturers learned that some products could be well engineered, made right, work right and still be shunned by the public. The missing ingredient was good appearance, instantly expressing product quality and convenience. A handful of men in the Twenties first realized that products were objects with potential aesthetic appeal to which customers responded enthusiastically, if unconsciously.

Pickles and locomotives. Since those early days, industrial designers have turned their talents to such diverse puzzlers as what color motorboats should be, what a bridge over the Potomac should look like, how to wrap wet pickles, how to make a truck cab comfortable for drivers to save their nerves and muscles, how to resculpture

the massive steel shells of 6000-hp locomotives. Industrial design's business is change, but not change for attention's sake alone. Change can help slash manufacturing or shipping costs. Change, too, can adapt a product for a new market area or groups of new and different customers. Above all, good design must exploit the properties of the materials it uses.

Whatever the product, designers work with materials, the right materials for the job. They think in terms of characteristics . . . color, strength, durability, ability to take a finish, ease of assembly and many others. There is no better case in point than a recently redesigned all-stainless steel kitchen sink line—a story typical of one industrial design firm's approach to marketing.

Time for a change. Three years ago a well-known sink manufacturer got an idea that was to revolutionize sinkdom. Sinks hadn't changed much in sixty years. Yet time-motion studies showed that the housewife makes more trips to her sink, and spends more time there, than any other area in the home. But the sink was just a sink. Why shouldn't it be an appliance, like a built-in range? With skillful design, the manufacturer reasoned, the sink could be a center for clean-up, food preparation and disposal. If you could design built-in cutting boards, food baskets, garbage disposers, electric outlets for blenders, mixers and knife sharpeners, and add one, two or three bowls, the possibilities would be unlimited.

The tastemakers. Design was the sink manufacturer's biggest problem and Raymond Loewy Associates was given the assignment. RLA is the largest industrial design firm in existence and the odds have been conservatively estimated at 3 to 1 that *daily* you see or touch a Loewy designed product. From

lipstick containers to stainless steel buses, sales of products and services employing Loewy designs value well over 3 billion dollars a year. Today, Raymond Fernand Loewy, one of the pioneers of industrial design, is Senior Partner of his own design firm.

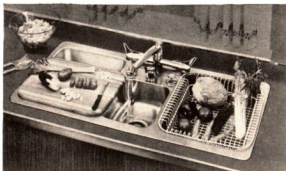
Managing Partner is William Smith, a front-rank proponent of industrial design's new philosophy that design and the exploitation of materials doesn't stop with aesthetics. There are other ingredients in the selling formula, notably psychology, retailing and research.

The point is, Smith says, people spend money, an increasing portion of it, on goods they want but don't necessarily need in the sense of absolute essentials such as shelter and basic clothing. People buy to satisfy a desire for better lives, fuller experience—benefits instead of protections. This type of buying asks for many choices, greater differentiation among products. Now design must say: This is different in this or that particular. Design must predetermine product difference and give that difference a physical manifestation.

Dirty dishwater. The first thing Loewy Associates did about the new sink design was talk. They talked to scores of home economists, interviewed dozens of home magazine editors. They sounded out their own wives and anyone else who would listen. They didn't ask what a sink should be—but what a woman thought about washing dishes, garbage, noise and water. They learned that housewives dislike reaching into dirty dishwater to pull out the drain, so they began work on a remotely controlled drain. They cocked their ears to complaints about glass breakage caused by tipping into the depressed center outlet, and got busy with a design that would prevent it. They engineered an entirely new faucet layout, and their sketches



Handsone, redesigned Elkay stainless steel sink.



New design has transformed sink into a food center.



Drawing stainless steel sink bowl. Stainless steel's formability made design possible.

and engineering designs grew into paper mountains.

"Sinkronization." As their design work progressed, it seemed obvious that the beauty and utility of the new sinks shouldn't be confined to the kitchen. Why not a sink for every purpose in the home, from the kitchen to the bathroom to Dad's playroom bar to entrance sinks designed to de-mud Junior before he tracked up the wall-to-wall carpeting? It looked like a program homebuilders would love, so they broadened their research.

Beauty and the best. Slowly, steadily, the sink design emerged. It was clearly going to be as handsome as it was functional. One important reason: stainless steel. In design language, stainless "reads" quality, style, modernity. It is easy to keep sparkling clean. For sheer style and harmony, its ability to reflect the colors of its surroundings is unique, and the modern home is color-styled to make it worthwhile to reflect walls and objects. Above all, stainless steel allowed Loewy's designers complete design freedom, because stainless can be fabricated into almost unlimited forms.

It took two years, hundreds of sketches and thousands of man-hours before the first brand new, gleaming, stainless steel sink was ready for the market.

Does the consumer really see the difference? Sales tell the story. The buying public saw the difference in a line of steel garden tools, if a 2000% sales increase is any indication. In one year, a line of china table service shot from nowhere to second place in sales. Exterior and interior styling for an extra-fare train doubled passenger traffic in a year. A new cigarette package catapulted sales 400% in one year. And the new stainless steel sink? It's Elkay Manufacturing's new "Cuisine Centre," one that hit the market January 1 this year and has been selling far beyond Elkay's most optimistic forecasts.

Where to? Despite its range and acceptance, industrial design is just getting started. It is taking up the battle against inefficiency, archaism and noise.

It is just scratching the surface of "human engineering" and city planning. It is exerting forces on traditional architecture. Most important, it is badly needed by the thousands of manufacturers who estimate that as high as 20% of their lines next year will be products that weren't even dreamed of five years ago. Fortunately, industrial designers have never had more new materials at their fingertips, and as much reason to believe that steelmaking will serve up even more exciting ones.

3000 steels. There are already over 3000 steels in existence. Each offers the designer a unique combination of properties. There are steels that feel and look like leather, plastic-coated steels that come in any color of the rainbow or any texture. There are striking embossed steels that minimize the evidence of rough usage. Porcelain enameled steel buildings color our landscape. High strength steels have thousands of tons and dollars from bridges. Super strong alloy steels protect earthmoving equipment from shock and abrasion and keep our roads on the go more cheaply. Gleaming stainless steels do double duty from jets to jewelry.

On the horizon: stainless steel that is colored, tin plate so strong that it can be used foil-thin; incredible new marriages of plastic, glass and synthetics with steel. There is little reason to doubt that anything is beyond the imagination of the 900 scientists and technicians in United States Steel's research laboratories who are hard at work developing new steels for the needs of our changing world. And that's a big order when you figure that with 8% of the world's population America produces over 35% of its goods, and by 1970 the experts estimate our gross national product will soar to an incredible 750 billion dollars.



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Skillful Focus on Foreign Affairs

Foreign affairs specialist Murrey Marder was Chief of The Washington Post's European Bureau from 1957 to 1960. Since then, his assignments included President Eisenhower's Latin American tour, the Summit Conference, President de Gaulle's visit to the U. S., the emergency sessions of the U. N. Security Committee on Cuba, the Congo and the American RB-47 flights.

Marder has been with The Washington Post since 1946. His coverage of national affairs ranged from the Supreme Court and State Department to civil liberties and politics. He was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University during the 1949-50 academic year. In 1952, he received honorable mention in the Sidney Hillman Foundation competition. Four years later, Marder won the Hillman award for his stories on civil liberties.

His coverage of the McCarthy story and the Federal loyalty-security controversies won national recognition for its incisiveness and scrupulous accuracy.

Murrey Marder is another reason why The Washington Post is read by nearly 50% more families than any other Washington newspaper, and why its editorials are quoted more in the Congressional Record than those of any other newspaper in the world.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Let's Make Love. Marilyn Monroe does a seismic shimmy, sings *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, and carries on with Singer Yves Montand, but despite their efforts, the show is not really good low humor; it is merely good-humored.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. In this light, effective drama about an Oklahoma harness salesman's troubles, Robert Preston runs away with the show in a direction that playwright William Inge may not have intended in the original.

Day of the Painter. A waggish, 15-minute tale about the wondrous work habits of a dribble-and-splotch painter.

Under Ten Flags. Captain Bligh roars again, as Charles Laughton takes the part of a World War II British admiral, and Van Heflin plays the captain of a German raiding ship that Laughton tries to track down. An acceptable sea chase.

The End of Innocence. A shadowed, subtle film about the painful adolescence of a young girl, directed by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, a Swedish-descended Argentine who knows his Bergman.

Ocean's 11. This laughing gas about an attempt by Frank Sinatra and his lout troupe (Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, Peter Lawford *et al.*) to rob five Las Vegas casinos is slapdash slapstick, but that's the way the kookies rumble.

Jungle Cat. The music is annoying and the narration not especially informative, but superb wildlife photography makes this film by Walt Disney about jaguars in the Amazon rain forest a pleasure to see.

Elmer Gantry. Rex Harrison turns in one of the best performances of his career as Sinclair Lewis' Bible-banging, skirt-chasing evangelist.

TELEVISION

Tues., Sept. 20

Political Telecast (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.).* A unilateral half-hour paid for by the Democratic National Committee.

The Dow Hour of Great Mysteries (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Rex Harrison and Tammy Grimes in *The Datchet Diamonds*.

Wed., Sept. 21

Wanted—Dead or Alive (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Still wanted, apparently, after two years, Bounty Hunter Josh Randall (Steve McQueen) starts his third season on TV.

Fri., Sept. 23

Dan Raven (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first episode of a new mystery series starring Skip Homeier, and set in the neon night caves of Hollywood. Guest Star Singer Bobby Darin plays himself.

Person to Person (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Charles Collingwood visits Elaine May and Mike Nichols. Roddy McDowall.

Sat., Sept. 24

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, 12:30 p.m. to the final gun). Michigan State v. Pitt.

Campaign Roundup (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Another in ABC's series of political summaries.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). NBC sums up

* All times E.D.T. through Sept. 24; E.S.T. thereafter.

the situation, too, with Chet Huntley and David Brinkley.

Sun., Sept. 25

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Speaking softly and carrying a big yardstick to history, CBS's excellent series recalls *The Times of Teddy Roosevelt*.

The Shirley Temple Show (NBC, 7-8 p.m.). Rudyard Kipling's *Kim* with Michael Rennie as Captain Creighton and Tony Haig as Kim.

The Tab Hunter Show (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). P. Lorillard and Westclox have picked up the Tab for a new comedy series about an amiable cartoonist.

Mon., Sept. 26

Great Debates (NBC, CBS, ABC, 9:30 p.m.). The first of the much-heralded TV encounters between Candidates Nixon and Kennedy.

Jackpot Bowling (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Milton Berle is host in a new program involving the best U.S. professional bowlers in alley-fighting competition for big-time pin money.

THEATER

On Broadway

New plays, like oysters, are in season, but there are some still amazingly fresh items from last year's bill of fare with which to contend: **Toys in the Attic**, Lillian Hellman's skillful exploration of the *Sons and Lovers* theme stars Jason Robards Jr.; **The Tenth Man** mixes modern psychology and ancient rite in playwright Paddy Chayefsky's tale about a Jewish girl possessed by an evil spirit; **The Miracle Worker**, with brilliant performances by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke, dramatizes the brave, difficult relationship between blind and deaf-mute Helen Keller as a child and her teacher, Annie Sullivan; **The Best Man**, though superficial in characterization, provides a vivid theatrical look at campaigning politicians. Three musicals remain spicy and satisfying: **West Side Story**, Leonard Bernstein's brassy, big-city, 20th century *Romeo and Juliet*; **Fiorello!**, the nostalgic story of New York City's Little Flower; and **Bye Bye Birdie**, an enjoyable spoof of the rock-'n-roll craze.

Off Broadway

At New York's City Center, brilliant Pantomimist Marcel Marceau is doing everything from minor impressions of a high-wire performer to a wordless enactment of Gogol's *The Overcoat*; at the Phoenix Theater, Tyrone Guthrie's production of *H.M.S. Pinafore* slaps salt freshness into Gilbert and Sullivan.

Half a dozen first-rate hold-over shows reflect the steadily improving quality of the fare in off-Broadway playhouses: **Little Mary Sunshine**, a musical spoof of old-time operettas; **A Country Scandal**, an early Chekhov play produced professionally for the first time in the U.S.; **The Balcony**, Jean Genet's mordant and amusingly symbolic study of politics in a brothel; **The Connection**, a plotless, devastatingly naturalistic, jazz-counterpointed evening with a collection of junkies; **Krapp's Last Tape**, a one-actor one-act by Samuel Beckett, throwing a man's youth into the face of his age, produced on a twin bill



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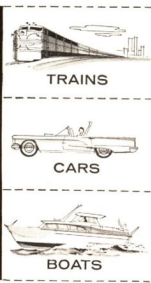
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BOOKS

Best Reading

The Politics of Upheaval, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. In the third volume (covering 1935-36) of his series, *The Age of Roosevelt*, as in its predecessors, the author sometimes confuses history with hagiography; but if the work is partisan, it is also sweepingly and spiritedly written.

The Black Book, by Lawrence Durrell. A glittering, impudent, outrageous novel, all murk and manifesto, written by the author of the Alexandria tetralogy when he was 24 and had just made the heady discovery that he was a very good writer.

All Fall Down, by James Leo Herlihy. A fresh, Salinger tale of a hooky-playing 14-year-old and his offbeat parents, whose foundering world finds focus in another brother as wild as his name: Berry-berry.

The Human Season, by Edward Lewis Wallant. With uncommon insight and accuracy, the author writes of an aging plumber's descent into hell after the death of his wife.

The Sut-Weed Factor, by John Barth. The hero of this bawdy, ironic, hilarious and yet thoroughly serious comedy is a 17th century coffeehouse Candide who stumbles through a series of wild misadventures before he understands his great sin: he is guilty of innocence.

Taken at the Flood, by John Gunther. An entertaining if perhaps excessively appreciative biography of Pioneer Adman Albert Lasker, the genius personally responsible for tattooing such blather as "That Schoolgirl Complex" on the American consciousness.

Decision at Trafalgar, by Dudley Pope. Best of the current blood-in-the-scutters accounts of Trafalgar, and of its scrawny, one-eyed, one-armed, vainglorious hero, Lord Nelson.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (4)
5. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (5)
6. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (10)
7. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (8)
8. *Water of Life*, Robinson (9)
9. *Diamond Head*, Gilman
10. *Before You Go*, Weidman (6)

NONFICTION

1. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
2. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (2)
3. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (3)
4. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (8)
5. *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater (5)
6. *I Kid You Not*, Paar (10)
7. *Enjoy! Enjoy!*, Golden (6)
8. *The Good Years*, Lord (7)
9. *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, Frankfurter with Phillips (4)
10. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther

*Position on last week's list.

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Interstate System highways like Kentucky's Route 65 pictured here call for a pavement that is solid and unyielding.

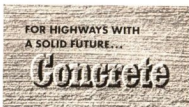
Kentucky's highway department chose concrete for this important stretch of Interstate System highway. Necessity for multiple strata construction of 2 to 3 times greater total depth was avoided.

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